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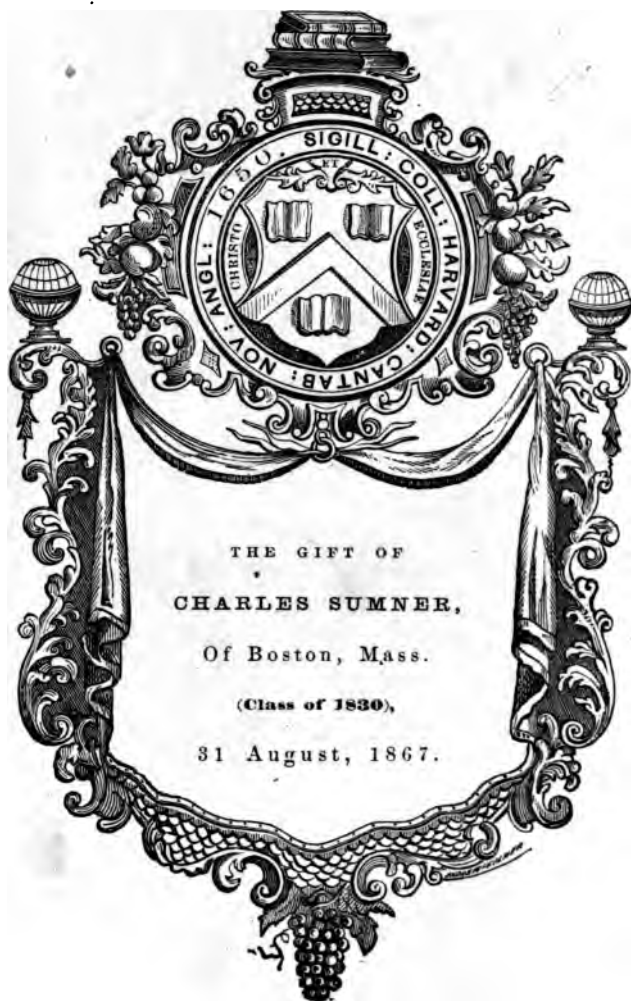
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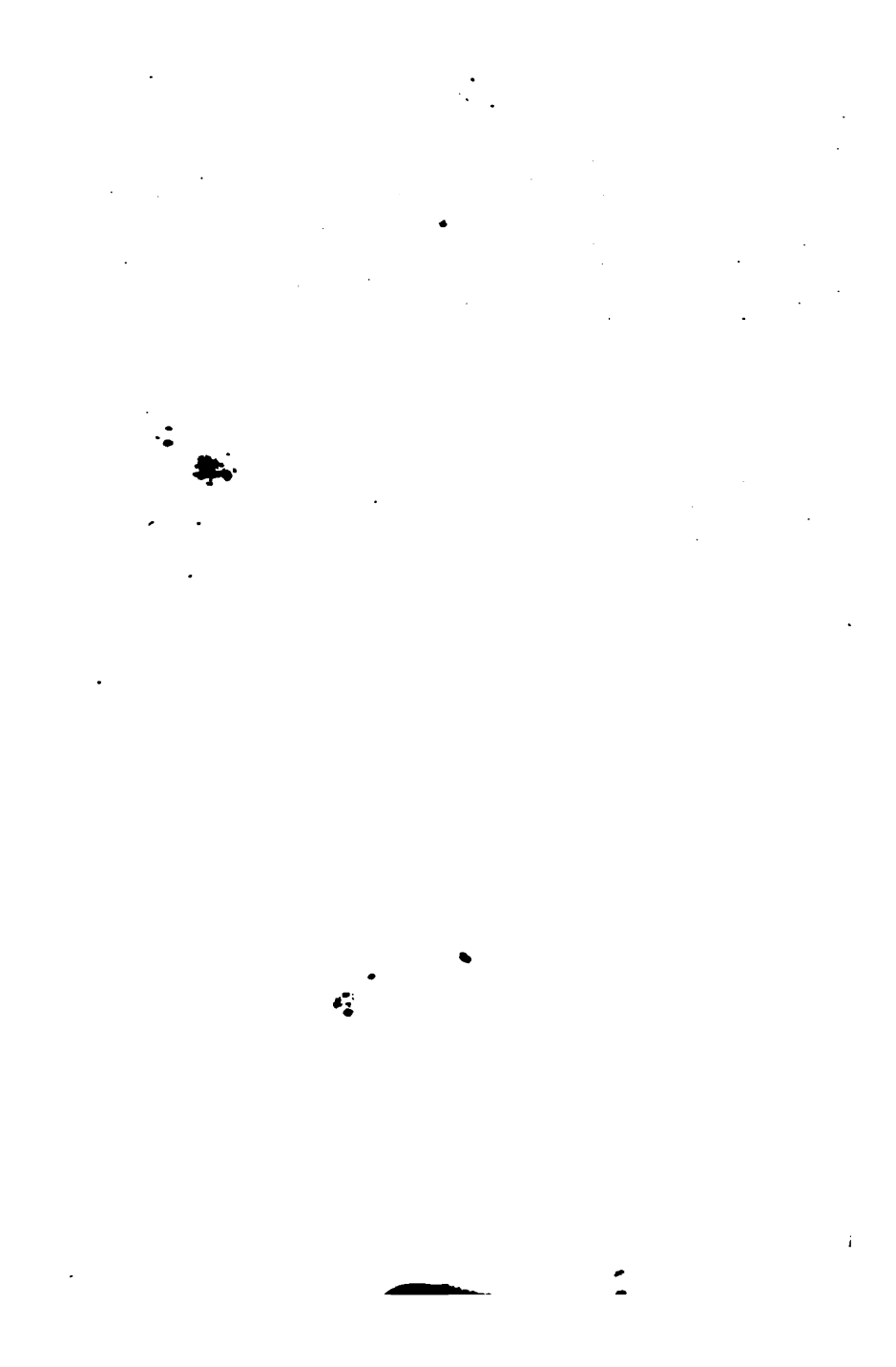
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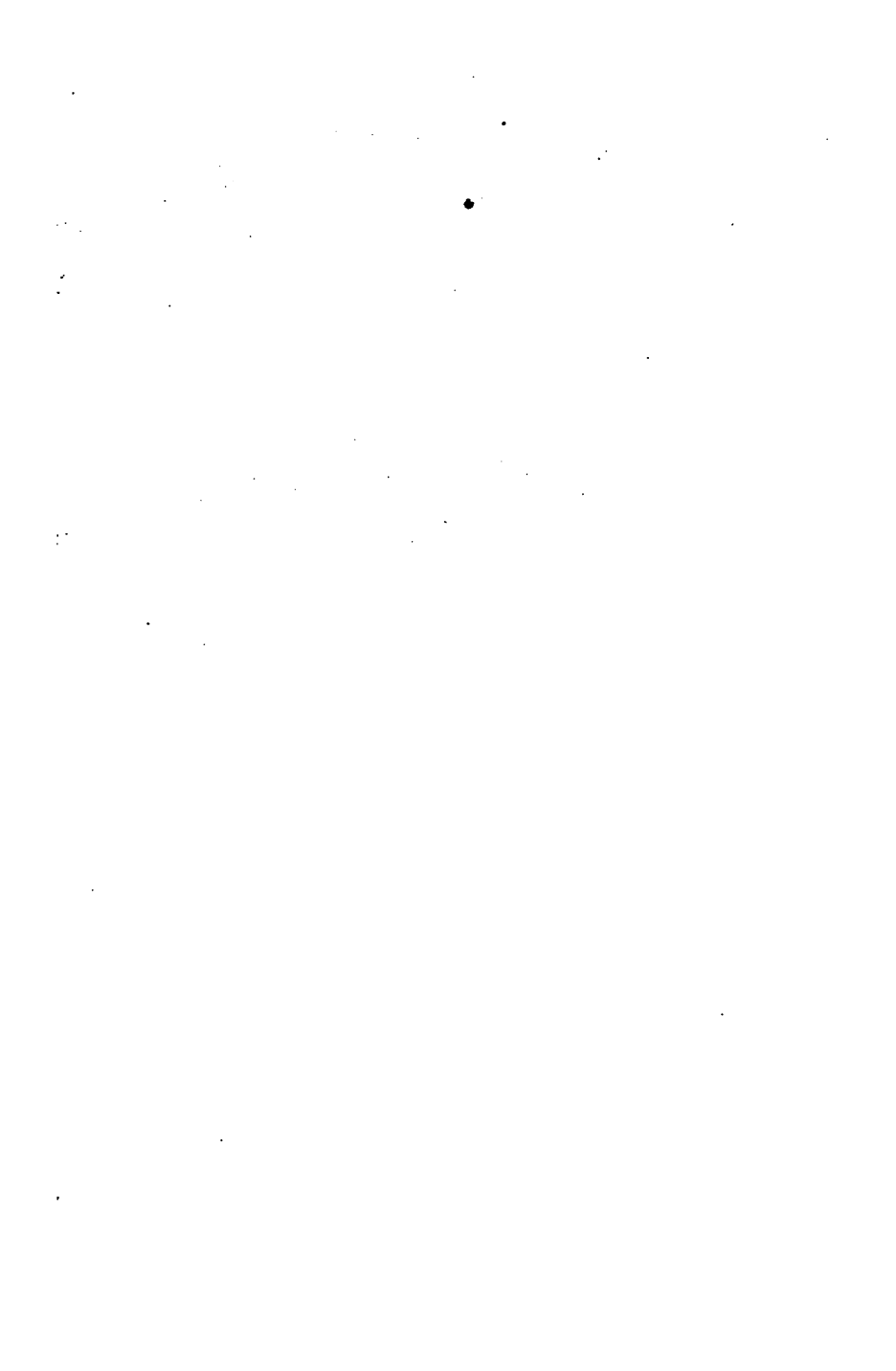


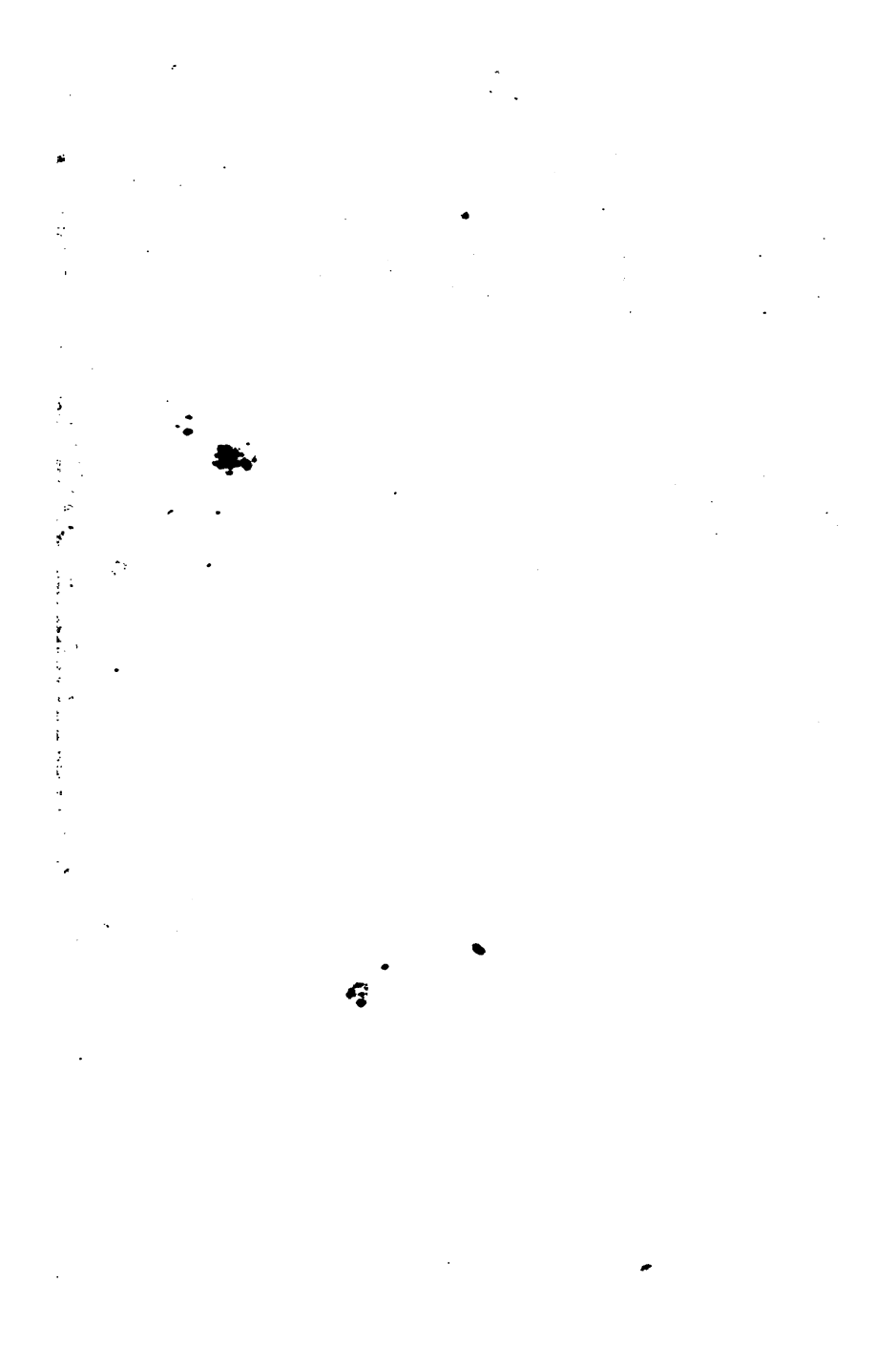








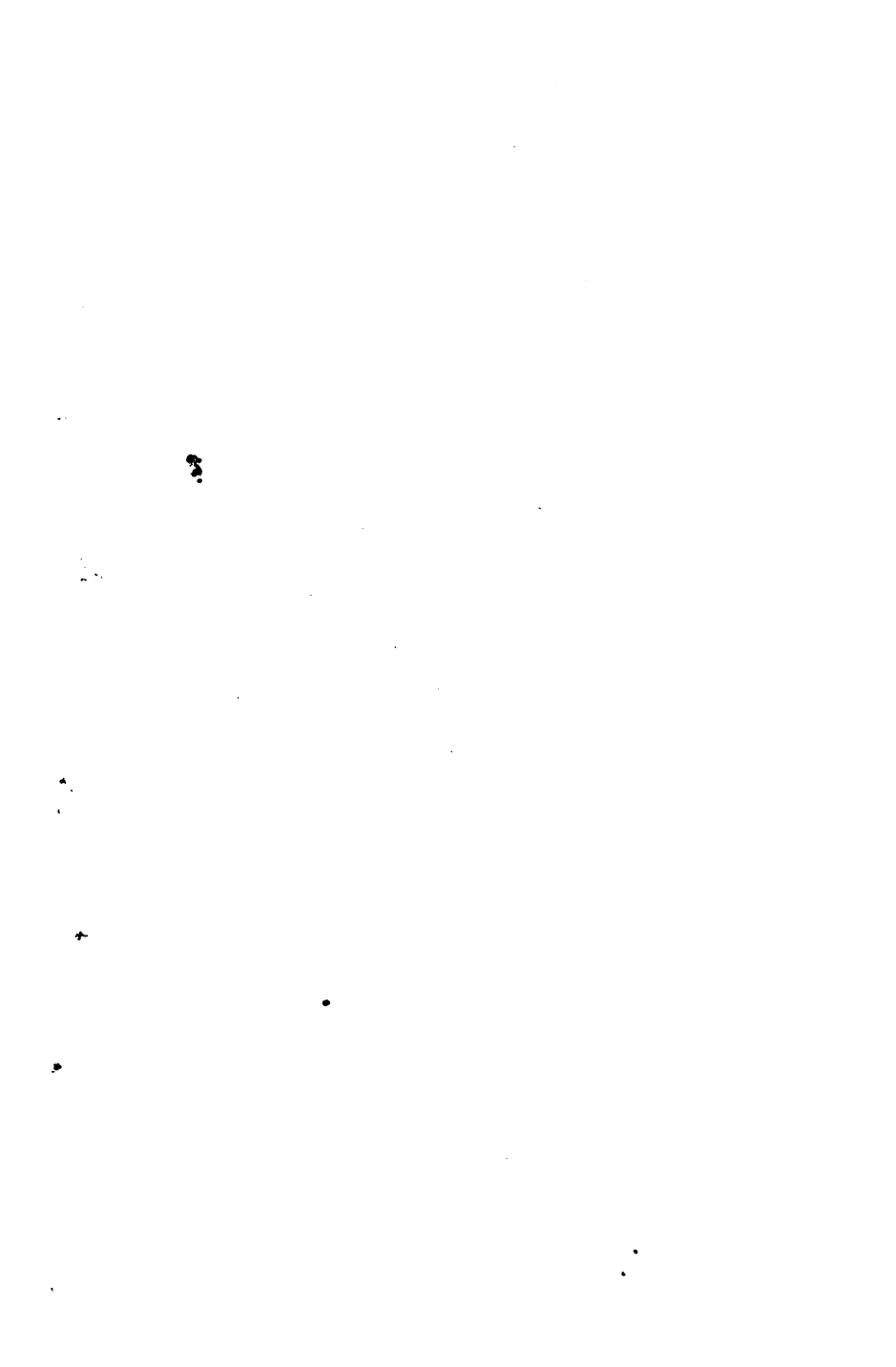




D E S U L T O R I A .

THE

RECOVERED MSS. OF AN ECCENTRIC.



DESULTORIA:

THE

RECOVERED MSS. OF AN ECCENTRIC.

NEW YORK:

BAKER AND SCRIBNER,

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INTRODUCTORY.

MESSRS. PUBLISHERS,

You request me to give you, as "an introductory acquaintance to these incoherent writings, so much of the history of this strange being as I may have been able to collect." Although I consider his writings the best history, as every man's productions are of himself,—and there is but little information concerning him in my possession,—yet I cannot refuse to afford you the brief of what transpired between the old man, his last companion, and himself, as it was detailed to me by him. I will tell you also, in a rapid manner, what I have heard of him in his native city.

He is represented, by those who knew him as a youth, to have been as gay and joyous as any of his companions; but that, at times, a seriousness would take hold upon him, which would last for days together, during which time he was indifferent to any act of those around him, and seemed to desire no communion of feeling on the part of his fellows. He was not a regularly hard student, but his studies, which he went at by fits and starts, were pursued with the greatest earnestness and devotion, forgetful, indeed, of dress, wealth, society, or aught else. He was fond of books—too fond,—but he seemed to fancy most,

occupations of a monotonous character, since they afforded him the best opportunity for indulging in constant, uninterrupted thought.

After a time, he seems to have gone into society, but evidently without a taste for its insipid formalities and forced courtesies. He, like others, formed friendships amongst men. But a few, false to their trust, seemed to have disgusted him with mankind. Therefore he spurned all who indicated any desire to become his friends, or he reluctantly yielded them his ordinary approbation.

That he was ambitious—you will discover almost from the outset. That he loved—read his own account. He was careless of gain. He was heedless of fate. He never forgot a kindness, or forgave an injury. When he left society, he was forgotten by it, and persons knew him afterwards only as the eccentric man; hence the title most appropriate for these writings was,—“*Desultoria: the Recovered MSS. of an Eccentric.*”

The means by which I came in possession of this manuscript is, to me, very interesting; and thinking it may interest others, I will relate the circumstances. Having rowed my boat some distance down the river, to what seemed to have once been a wharf, I rested awhile in the shade of the trees. In endeavoring to push off again from the sand, I broke my oar. I must mend it; therefore looked around for the means of doing so, and presently espied a habitation. Thither I went to search for some instrument to repair the damage my oar had sustained. On rising the hill I observed an old man sitting at the door; he saw immediately what was the matter, persuaded me to sit, entered the cottage, and presently brought out with him a

hammer and nails. He insisted on mending it himself, for he said it reminded him of old times, when a dear young man used to be on the river, and afterwards became his constant companion. He told me of the wanderings and unhappy life of this young man—his metaphysical conversations, and thoughts, and feelings, which he himself describes. As he perceived by my attention that I became interested, he showed me all the little articles the young man had possessed—the trunk of manuscript, and a variety of small matters. I cast my eyes over this manuscript, which was like the rest, rather illegible, (and, in fact, for a portion of it, I had to substitute my own language,) I saw a regular poem and some loose scraps, and much that was incomplete. There lay in the dust a much-used autobiography of Alfieri, and a well-marked Byron, which the old man said had been dipped in the river and recovered by him. On the table lay a work more cared for than the rest, save two leaves, which were completely blackened, since they had remained exposed there ever since his death. The old man considered the fact of his having left the book open one of the greatest interest, and he would not have allowed me to close it for the world. The work was Bacon, and was open at the essay on Death. On the face of this book I afterwards found the last piece of his manuscript, written just previous to his commission of suicide.

The old man says that on the morning of his suicide, he came and conversed with him on death, he then, with a vacant stare, and afterwards with a kind look, bade him farewell, saying that he should never look on his kind old face again. The old man said he was used to hearing him speak thus, but never dreamed that the day of evil had arrived, although he had always felt sure that he would commit suicide.

From the account of this person, he seems to have gone as usual to his boat, and with the unfaltering resolution to decide his fate; for he saw him, with perfect calmness, step into the boat, and then shove off from the shore as usual. From the appearance of the body and the boat, the old man conjectured that he must have seated himself on the side of the boat, then opened both femoral arteries, and presently, through faintness, fallen over into the stream, and was after left on the shore by the tide and not far from where the boat had floated.

The old man dug him a grave in the sand on the shore, and thinking the world cared not to hear the melancholy tale, kept it to himself. He walked with me down to the shore, that he might point out the grave of the unfortunate young man, marked by a stone. I would have left him in silence, and in his sacred thought, but he turned and pressed me to return sometimes and see him.

I did return—and the old man was ill—and I remained with him many hours;—and night came on, and the moon was up and shone through upon his pallid face—and death was about to take him away. When he discovered it, he lifted his heavy eyelids to the moon and said, “Happy moon! how often have you been called happy by my dear boy who lies on the shore.” Then he turned to me and said, “Stranger! I feel that you are a friend, certainly not an enemy; a few more sands, and all will be out of the glass. I have two requests to make of you, and hope you may not think them too much.” He looked around the room at the trunk, the open book, and the scattered articles, and said, “These, promise me, you will keep till death, and though I have nothing to give of high value in return, I promise that you shall be exalted. The other request is selfish;

yet, gratify it, for the time may come, when you may make a similar request of another ; it is that you bury me this night, before the moon goes down, in the sand, where the stake stands, and by the side of my dear boy."

I had no time for reply, for the words "dear boy" were the last he uttered ; yet I felt just as much bound as though I had promised.

I alone was to perform the funeral rites of the old man—no obsequious wretches were to weep over him. I dug him a grave in the sand, by the side of the being he adored—and as the day broke, I shoved my boat off from the shore.

Such is the history of one, which so beautifully interweaves itself with the history of another. I always carry my oars as I pass this spot, that I may revive the memory of the broken oar—that I may sympathise in the misfortunes of the young man—that I may recall, to exalt the virtues of the old man.

Sacred ! most sacred ! if but for the old man's sake is this manuscript ; and I consider I am fulfilling a portion of my duty to him in having it published. It can, I judge, injure the feelings of no individual. His parents are both dead, and he had neither brother or sister ; and, moreover, it is now many years since he too died ; and association of every sort in regard to him, if it died not with him, surely is buried now.



DESULTORIA.

MAY 29th, 18.—I am about to commence, not a journal, for I cannot fancy a title under which every schoolboy keeps an account of his nonsense, and every wise-acre subscribes his self-sufficient follies. My notion is, to place here whatever has occurred of interest in my intercourse with men in society, or the world—whatever I have gathered from the conversation of men—or have become acquainted with in my observation of their manners, and their actions; and it is my intention to make my remarks here, on the authors I am reading, or have read.

Here shall I garner up the thoughts of my solicitude—here give vent to all the feelings of my soul. This shall be *the book of my heart*, and *the book of my mind*—and, should this manuscript fall into the hands of one who knows not how to appreciate the feelings of a sensitive man, he may construe it into folly or egotism:—but then I shall be gone; and, fortunately for the grave, no harm can visit its precincts—no key can unlock its doors to the voice of reproach, and coarse, unfeeling mockery.

Whatever may find its way into this *book of my heart*, and *book of my mind*, will proceed from the spur of the moment:

and there must exist, therefore, much irregularity—not only in time, but likewise in thought and emotion.

I commence this in a truly unlucky year—not politically, for I have no affection, and scarcely any care for politics. But there are private matters—painful private matters, which my pen cannot detail; for they are too recent, and weigh too heavily on the heart: indeed, how inadequate is language to the expression of our feelings, and soon after a catastrophe especially! When we cast aside all amusement, our books, and all those things which formerly invariable interested us, for the heart to bury itself deep in its throes.

Then this month is unfortunate in being that in which a strangely constituted being came into existence. And this day, (Friday,) his birth-day, too, the unlucky day of the week. A prospect, indeed, opens to my view—one which almost crazes me.

Before I close these thoughts, I must say, that having failed in everything I have undertaken of a laudable character, this last, the keeping an account of my thoughts and feelings I shall undertake—but I prophesy that I am writing the last lines; however, I shall continue to undertake, until the office of undertaker shall pass into other hands and I into other beings, and other worlds—no matter what or where.

JUNE 10th.—This morning, thoughts which might be considered singular, filled my waking mind; they concerned myself, and regarded my own peculiar nature, as considered in connexion and contrast with that of my fellow men—as, indeed, of all created beings. It seemed that I was desirous of working out the cause of my being—which had always been a mystery to me, and I hold to be mysterious to all men.

My purpose seemed, not to discover the essence of my nature, but to bring to light that within myself which was susceptible of development, and to make it subserve some useful end. I think every being in the universe has been, or is now being created with a proposed design; that they are to render moral illustration of some grade of worthiness, or unworthiness; to define some shade of difference in the world of mind or matter.

I have always considered, that from the lowest to the highest being in creation—even from the elementary principles of organic and inorganic matter, to the most mysterious complication of being, there was in the mind of the creative being, at the time of their birth, the most settled and determined intention.

I likewise consider, that there was a definite purpose for which each individual of each race, class and order, became a separate creation; and that each came from the hand of the Master-workman, plastic to peculiar, and only those impressions.

If these sentiments were expressed to men, perhaps I might be thought a fatalist—but very far am I from sustaining any such impressions; and no man abhors this wretched sect of men more than myself;—as proof, I shall recall to mind my belief, which is, that every thing, animate and inanimate—mind—matter—all, are subject to laws ever the same, or they should not be called laws; and derived perfect, from the profound head of the being the world unites in adoring as God.

Many a time, of course, have I seen it appear, that the intention was doubtful; but no man who examines all circumstances and occasions, and thoroughly, can come to any such conclusion. For to take the human race generally, who denies that the creation of man was for a noble end? To be more particular:

who denies that each individual is susceptible of distinct, and what might be called, only his own impressions? But I can hear the world say, the peculiarities of the individual frequently arise out of circumstances and situations:—then I contend, that the individual, so far falls short of the intention, as to become an artificial man—or one, not finding suitable impressions, takes up with the most convenient. What driveller would say, that circumstances and situations, influencing beings, defeats the idea of intention?

“We are all the children of circumstances”—is a very common expression; and a very true one, if rightly applied; for example: a man has evident fondness for mathematics, but such may be circumstances, as either to hasten or retard the development of his predisposition. Sometimes it is almost obiterated—sometimes this partiality having no opportunity of suitable action, falls into something allied to it—very frequently indeed, into some branch of physics.

If among men, it is quite impossible that I should silently admit such a misconception—most men, I would not trouble myself with an endeavor to convince—for ignorant men will take up with the most preposterous notions of things, and vain men—of which the world scarce contains any others—save the ignorant ones, are too much in their own light to become acquainted with the truth.

What a wandering course I have taken, to be sure, to convince myself of that which I was satisfied of before. However, these are all steps in arriving at my purpose, and will be sure to settle me down in my opinion more firmly.

My intention was, to prove that some men are better fitted by their nature, for particular kinds of pursuits than others; and

that of the kind, there might be a particular one, that was as well adapted to their peculiar nature, as the sides of a crystal to each other in a rock. And that, moreover, men were not intended for particular situations because they fill them well, for there might be others which they could fill better.

These thoughts led me to the consideration, as I have said, of myself—and what I should pursue for a life time. I pondered many times on many pursuits. Yet there seemed none that was suited to myself. My situation appeared singular and I stood alone, and apart, while others had a full destiny. It seemed to me, in these waking thoughts, that there was a being engaged in dealing out the things of this world to men. I applied to him to know my office in life. He hesitated and then said :—“I have no office—no destination for you.” I am a determined spirit, therefore, I turned and challenged his expression, saying, “no man ever yet existed—but that an allotted portion of the world’s advancement devolved on him.”

But, away all morning dreams, all dispensing spirits,—away with you—away! for henceforth action is the word.

JUNE 15th.—How pleasant is it in one’s day-dreams—to behold one’s self in a more elevated position than those who have always been his fellows. How delightful to dream away, of the time,—when the young man of buoyant hope, and love of nature, and dear, winning literature, shall become the great man, and be classed with the fathers—the Philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome; and be borne down, with a revered name, to posterity.

How the soul yearns after immortality—exalts itself as it progresses, from the dull gray morning of young ideas, and early studies and pursuits, to the glow and brightness of the

midday of its greatness. How it evolves from nature, propositions of cause and effect, that before were sealed with an almost eternal seal. How it is imbued with the fancy of Virgil—how it catches the fire of Homer—and how it gathers convicting bitterness from Juvenal.

Immortality is a noble idea that clings to us, that delights us—that burns and goes on to burn in us, till too often it consumes even the very socket of the soul. But man will still gaze fondly after, and presently, run to grasp at this dear, yet the fatal illusion—which springs up, will-o-wisp like, to lead but an uncertain course; through the entangling briers, and into the vile quagmires of this world, to desert him in his darkest hour, and most painful situation.

How difficult is it for a man to determine the course he should pursue in life? He has before him the professions—he has the world of occupation before him; some point to wealth, others to distinction; and should he desire either, more especially the latter, he will feel himself quite unacquainted with the means of arriving at his object; and his course will become wavering and uncertain. This uncertainty must exist in every man's mind, I judge—though most men are determined in their pursuit, by necessity, situation, or circumstances—the greater part of the world follow any vocation which offers employment, with tolerable, or hardly tolerable emolument.

The reason men are uncertain as to what course to pursue is, that they have been fully occupied with that which they have but just left—as college, pleasure, or something else of an all-consuming nature; and, before the time of entering the world, they have never thought of any calling for the devotion of a life.

★ And, moreover, a young man who has given his time to general

subjects, finds it very difficult to settle down on some one occupation, in preference to all others—he desires to be in some pursuit, in which there will be a call for all the information with which he has so laboriously stored his mind. Again, he feels uncertain whether he has not more information for some particular occupation, than for any other. Yet how often does he fear to try that? My own opinion is, that a man had better take his own course, if he be an industrious and energetic man; and that he had better be led, if inclined to idleness.

The great, the terrible world, bugbear to the poor literary man, thinks that going off alone and burying one's self in thought, frequently for a length of time, is idleness. But it is a very great error—idle men never go off alone in this way; and it is painful, to a genuinely idle man, to be alone, and compelled to think—for the reason that thought is the most enduring and wearing labor.

The idle man is he who, having no occupation, is yet always employed—and how? In attending to the affairs of other men, whom he judges—how—no one knows, to be incompetent to their duty. I have a man in my mind at this moment, one who has no business,—yet is the very man who would be most missed in this city.

Those who seek solitude, and prefer seclusion—the thinkers, have quite a different character. They are lone spirits—they never mix in the world—they are not money-making,—and, least of all, are they news-making, for it is remarkable, they hardly ever know the news. But they are the most observing, sagacious, useful men in or out of society.

It is not my intention to become one of these thinkers; I should fear it—there is too much responsibility attached to

them—and, alas! there is no remuneration. Why I consider there is too much responsibility is, that these thinkers are the very men looked up to by the community, in the time of an emergency—how soon are your mere professional men shuffled off, and laid aside, when danger threatens the state? and, how immediately are the thinkers before the people, mailed in the terror of action,—whereas, but just now, they were mantled in the persuasiveness of thought.

Every man who has studied history, knows that the men called students, and those esteemed mere literary men—and I class the editors of now-a-days with them, are the very men whose countenances are watched, as barometers are by those who are timid and fear storms: they show the state of the great motive power—the popular mind. And these men are they, who, knowing what is to be done, come forward to take their place with the peril of their country.

These are the men who write philosophical and poetical works during peace, and are never brought forth save by the opening of a war, when they are the first men—not only in the cabinet,—but the first to put the musket to the shoulder to march to “victory or to death.” Peace returned—they lay aside the habiliments of war, and without being loaded with the trophies of victory—but wearing in their bosoms the pleasing satisfaction of having done their duty, fall back into the former winningness of their studies, and again court the enchantment of the lake and the mountain.

As to the remuneration attached to the duties of these thinkers: it is to be deplored, that they have none, except in self-gratulation. They are those, who although they may not all of them, live quite in poverty—yet are never rich—and,

alas ! it is my father's fondest hope, to see his son the richest man in the community in which he lives ; if he thought he would not be so, he must die unhappy. I have thought of it. I value my father's good will—I consider most of all in this world his happiness—still there is nothing I am fitted for but a literary life ; yet, I cannot be a literary man. Then how much to be regretted is it, that a man should have received an education on so broad a basis, when his mind was to be bent to accomodate itself to the form of a profession.

JUNE 25th.—I have been thinking, to-day, how pleasant, how congenial to my feelings would be the life of a student, were my singular situation one suited to such a thing. I do not mean that I desire to spend the early portion of my life in studious pursuits, but the devotion of every hour of life's allotted period to some study, agreeing with my peculiar taste. A single science, or one department of literature, would be sufficient of itself to employ one a life-time, and banish ennui from the mind. Then I fear no satiety from study.

The student's life, of course, is attended with many disadvantages, and, indeed, pains—from which others are free. Students are, unfortunately, from their pursuits, frequently unprepared for, and unequal to, a rapid change in their circumstances. Although, however, while a change is calculated to unsettle their affairs, they are individuals scarcely ever mentally overbalanced. Misfortune rarely depresses or distracts them, as it does men engaged in trade, or pursuing professions. They care not for luxury—and they can accommodate themselves to anything which allows them freedom of thought.

The student out of the world, is unknown to it, or forgotten by it. He exists an isolated being. He is dependent on him-

self for employment of every kind—now he is cloistered in his cell, and buried in his studies—now he roams the trackless woods, a nature's wayward child.

The student has few friends ; he is too sensitive—he is too sagacious, indeed, to open his heart to a world, which might prove an unsympathising one. He has no wealth to squander, or if he has, there is no disposition in his nature that way,—except in the formation of a library, or the adornment of a studio. We seldom find men courting his acquaintance, or desiring to create friendship with him—for, solitude and retirement, which are his happiness, have a terror for pleasure's votaries.

Men live for selfish ends, hence we see none endeavor to draw the student from his accustomed retirement, though he may deserve notice, aye ! merit reputation ; because of his devotion to letters, and the advancement of his fellow men. The student, knows too, that men seek him—if they do, not for any intrinsic merit—but that they may reflect his brightness : such courtesy, he rewards with his high, noble, characteristic, mental disapproval and disdain.

The student-life, is one, not only of physical absence from the world—but, too often, when there is physical presence, there is mental absence ; and men in their remarkable kindness and generosity of spirit, consider this abstraction of mind, as calling for, in a high degree, their vile taunt and wanton ridicule. But the student, who places a right estimate on himself, feels that he is superior to these creatures, and their mockery—indeed, frequently, while they imagine they are making him a subject of ridicule, he is enjoying in his heart, a delicious laugh at their mean vanity and folly.

The student is imagined to be, a lonely, miserable being. Place any other man in his situation, and he would be—but with him, the moments fly rapidly, being constantly engaged in pleasurable pursuits ; when he thinks he is reading at an early hour at night, he is in reality doing so, at a late one in the morning of the next day. So enchanting are his occupations, that when he stops from them, he is not certain but he has been dreaming ; and, when after his mental faculties have been a little hazed with thought, he doubts whether time, or nature, or man, really exist.

The opinions of the student, which are contracted from his studies ; and an almost interminable revolution of them in his mind—a thought of them, in time and place, are alas ! destined to give him much trouble in the world : for, of course, it is very preposterous with him, to believe everything, to which men's credulity may dispose them ; or to which a superficial examination gives assent. The world, which studies men and manners, that they may be shrewd in trade, or astute in their professions, cannot consider opinions as dispassionately as he does—for they require study, more than either trades or professions. And it takes years, unfortunately, for the world to fall into these opinions ; and recognise as truths, the sound and well contracted judgments of the isolated scholar. Poor fellow ! I pain for him—to think that he is not to have the satisfaction of seeing his toil rewarded by success : that he is only to look with hope, to a future age, freer from bigotry, and more enlightened—a time which he is never to see.

The history of the persecution of the learned is too sad,—too hateful—too humiliating for review—most men in every age and country, have been free from proscription—but genius and

learning ever, and in all places, have received an undue share ; all men seem of right, to have been freer from the criticism, and the impatient virulence of mankind, both of a personal character, and as regards their opinions. But they are set up as marks, to be shot at by the crowd indiscriminately ; inferior and degenerate minds aiming at the person, those of a more elevated character—yet imbued with, and instructed in, the prejudices of the age, of country or of station, aiming shafts of ridicule at opinions they could no more refute, than they could call the lightnings from the skies. Who wonders then, that poets and philosophers should have, in times gone by, seen unhappy cause, for expatriating themselves.

The poor isolated scholar—hear how he bears it. With a consciousness of the justness of his judgments, and though agrieved by every species of ill treatment, reconciles himself to his fate, for says he, “ I have selected philosophy for my calling, although I knew that disaffection, scorn, ill-treatment, and ridicule were its reward. For it, I resigned fortune, station, all—and, therefore, whatever its trials and fate are—so are mine.”

The student, early tutored in affection by a mother’s love, feels that sympathy is the life of his life—yet, deeply to be regretted, he is nestled and cherished in childhood, to be weaned and deserted of the heart in later years ; for no one is so thoroughly denied the sympathy of his kind as he—and should he be of the unfortunate temperament, he must inevitably succumb to the thoughtlessness and coldness of neglect. He must presently become anxious, experience a feeling of loneliness that distracts him, he will degenerate into a maniac, or commit the riendless act of suicide ; for more men, many more, are deranged from want of sympathy, than from metaphysical studies.

Indeed, if it were known how much enjoyment the solitary student has in his studies, no one could say that there was cause in them to produce aberration of mind—or this last act of great, but unfortunate minds.

I feel assured, that with my books, in the city retired—with a few companions, devoted to them as myself; or, in the country, roaming nature, with some shady nook for meditation and reading, I should become neither a maniac, or commit suicide—but, alas! poor human nature, not knowing that heaven of sympathy—I fear I might do either.

JULY 7th.—I am constrained to take up my pen again, although I thought a continuation of these reflections highly improbable—but to-day how much do we know of to-morrow? as much as yesterday we knew of to-day, and this year knows of the next, and time of eternity. What a mysterious, and, indeed, overwhelming effect uncertainty has on the mind!—it seems a spirit that steps in between us and our destiny; if we contemplate a long journey, in which we anticipate much pleasure, uncertainty soon approaches to thwart our happiness; if we are in the expectation of a great fortune, this spirit fills our minds with doubts and fears; if a man seeks to elevate himself in the state, in one of the professions, or win a reputation in literature, this tantalizing being is before him constantly; if a lover is going to see his mistress, this demon dances up before him, contorting its features and its form, so as to agonize his mind; if a mother has an ill child, the demon on this occasion, more than ordinarily horrid, fills her mind with the darkest bodings.

When I wrote the last paragraph the other day, I thought that my feelings must surely consume all my time. Much,

indeed, have they consumed, and tyrants like, will they consume,—yet I am not so perfect a Werter, as to consecrate my every hour to a single feeling; nor am I willing to make a division of my time among my feelings. I endeavor to devote a portion of my time to action, a part to a sympathy with nature, and certainly, a part to a participation in the world.

Frequently I study the livelong day, without looking in a book,—more especially since I have come to spend a short time in the country—I climb the rocks—sometimes only by cutting places for my hands and feet,—I examine their composition, and see the forms into which they crystalize; and presently, in a safe seat, endeavor to trace out the source of their upheaval. I look to see where they are disintegrating, what plants grow at their summit, and what at their base. Seated here, I think how many suns have risen on their grey heads—how many storms broken over them—and how many a long and deeply interesting tale they might tell—oh! how often have I listened to “the still small voice” of these hoary-headed fathers, and striven to interpret their language? How many questions have I asked them—and how few have they answered? These silent rocks remind me of a being of the highest intelligence, with an eternal seal upon his lips.

Men would tell me, that Greece and Italy have a history brightly unfolded on their monuments of art—but I would tell them, that the world has its history—and its true history, written on the yet uninterpreted rocks; and, that when men shall be assiduous in the study of the hieroglyphics of these monuments, as they have been of those of Egypt and the East—they will look rather for history to the Alps and the Andes, than to them. The language of our mountains is so con-

cise, that a single one, will give you the history of the world ; and still men gad it about, to collect traditionary and legendary history.

But to return to the country, where I am, and the rock on which I am standing—for I have come forth to enjoy the scene which surrounds me, and, perhaps, to feel the pleasing melancholy that we seem to imbibe from the quietude of the scene, and the free country air—a melancholy feeling it is, that inclines us to thought, and so powerful is the effect of surrounding objects, that there arises within us a generosity to the world,—and that world too, which has sought to detract something from our good name, and on the selfish principle, to build up one for themselves on our fall—or we not standing in the way, still elevated above them, to have the demon pleasure of levelling us with themselves. All hard feelings to these, the free country air banishes, and scenes so chaste, chasten. I have often asked myself, whether this was really the reason, or that it arose from our being away now, from scenes of mad selfishness, and restless ambition. Men whom I have hated in the city, I have almost forgiven,—in having an opportunity of thinking quietly on the frailties of human nature—in the country.

Oh ! that I could leave the world entirely—for I could leave it and without remorse or regret, and spend the rest of my life in privacy. I have figured to myself, a natural cell at the base of a broad, elevated and overhanging rock, almost or quite hidden from the world's inquisitive eye, by the luxuriance of an old forest, a vine swinging before my door ; and its foliage hiding an entrance, so covert that only I knew how to open it to pass in and out. It should lie in the depth of the forest,—where, undisturbed, I might spend my time—where the gentle

dove might tell her love tale, and the whip-poor-will make to me her lament—where the gay butterflies might chase each other from flower to flower—where the squirrel might rustle the leaves and in safety gnaw the nuts—and the snakes,—for oh! I love snakes, those lively-colored and diamond-headed ones in particular, they might sleep in the vine which overhangs my door. I would wish no friend in man, for solitude has nothing to barter for friendship; no companion in woman, for her heart would dwell in the world; no friend in a dog, for he would devour my rustic pets, and he, too, is treacherous, I would as the hermit, gather me fruits and herbs, and divide them with my companions. I would be so simple in my life that Diogenes compared with me, would be the pink of art.

I do not know, indeed, why I should have such cravings—unless it is because I have led an artificial life up to this time, and never known the sweet attractive simplicity of the country—disappointed in finding the world what I had not as a youth conceived it; and even soured and disgusted, I am inclined to seek to relieve the tedium of the future, by a quiet sojourn into a living grave.

Certain it is that the world, such as I have found it, has no attractions for me. There have been objects in the world and in society, that I have endeavored to endear to me—and at times, perhaps, I have sought to win the favor of the other sex, by a mind I have not neglected to store with information—with a quick apprehension and a facile manner of expression. I have likewise endeavored to make my manners agreeable—but all these, at this moment, I say in my heart of hearts, I generously regret and renounce—not that I believe woman unworthy man's

efforts to please, but * * * * *
 [The rest is perfectly effaced.]

JULY 8th.—But yesterday, and I was filled with the glorious anticipations of a long and pleasant stay in the country—but how altered are matters to-day; the broad scene of hill and valley, has been exchanged for a contracted gaze—for the narrow precincts of a law-office. O! heavens, I should like to know a place more destitute of all that is of an interesting character, than this same law-office. As proof, a man who has been in it for one hour, has had a sufficiency for a life-time.

Perhaps as one who has gone to the law against his inclination, I may be prejudiced—I may have feelings of bitterness and chagrin, that dispose me more than otherwise, to severe opinions in regard to the profession.

My father misconceives me thoroughly, while he thinks he is doing me the greatest act of kindness. We do not agree, and, therefore, he considers me an obstinate and disobedient child.

I do not say that I cast aside and despise all law books, because there are some that I cannot, for myself, help liking—as Bacon and Blackstone, and a small number of this sort partaking of the literary character. But so far as genuine love goes, I should say, throw the rest in the fire to singe fowls for me. I would not give Virgil for every law-book in the most valuable library. Of course, my means of judging and manner of appreciating, arises from, and are dependent on my prejudices, since I consider that there is a greater number of ideas in the former, irrespective of the superior manner of expression.

Seated here, among these groaning shelves, I feel that I behold not one that I can call a friend among them—I feel as the traveller in the vast desert, who not only does not meet kind

and familiar faces, but is surrounded by those of a fierce, intractable and treacherous race. How different is my own library! there I look only on friends—tried friends, my only real friends on earth, those whom Byron forgot, when he said, "Experience has taught me that the only friends that we can call our own—that can know no change, are those over whom the grave has closed; the seal of death is the only seal of friendship." These are the friends, whom I should sincerely sorrow at parting with—none others in despondency have been my comfort—none, when every friend has left me, on account of my perhaps, singular manners, have always come to my aid and been my solace—save these alone.

It has been thought strange that men should love inanimate objects—yet I have oftener known them worthy of love than men; I have even found books more intelligent than men—and is it strange? I think not, for those which I really esteem, are the result of the laborious toil of the most distinguished men of their age—they are century plants. We see epochs, and ages marked by men of genius, and their productions; and in the world, we of a single age, never have an opportunity of meeting with a really great man.

I do not call a man great, whom a particular clique or party may idolize; but, I call him great, whom the world unites in acknowledging as such. But men will say, the world does not entirely agree in esteeming any one man great. Why? Because some portion of it hates him from various motives—others fear him—others again, envy him—and others condemn him from prejudices, and a number from ignorance, so prevalent in the world. I contend, that each one of these is a means of proving him great—for what man is great, but all these prevail

among men with respect to him ? and that man must be worthy of the highest place, whether for his virtue or his vice—he must be a Cato, or a Sylla, on whom the world unites in lavishing praise or dispraise.

I am wandering very far from my subject—but, to whom am I responsible ? To myself only, I imagine, and, moreover, I promised myself to be incoherent and desultory ; and it would give me great pain to disappoint—as de Maistre calls it, “ my other self.”

JULY 20th.—What though the world oppose us—what though mind and matter unite to frustrate our every design. Is it a truly great mind which sinks under any weight ? No, let men be calm—be true to themselves, and all the powers that be, cannot daunt them—neither can they bear them down.

Men frequently say, they cannot bear the severe toil, and struggle their situation is heir to—but if they enter their particular life-occupation, with a determined mind, and, indeed, make it a pleasure, they will feel themselves quite unconscious of any hardship or privation. If all men knew the fact, that the atmosphere bears down on them with a great weight ; they would, doubtless complain that life was intolerable on account of it ; and to breathe, being to overcome the great pressure on the chest—I dare say it would become so laborious, that the pleasures of life, would not be a sufficient compensation for the toils incident to breathing.

Coming to reason with myself about it, I find that every man, without exception, has his trials ; although it is said idiots and maniacs have none. That is an error, however, for the consciousness of their situation, in their lucid moments—and all without doubt have those moments—is an agony from which

the poor mind shrinks, and they only can know it who have felt it.

Different persons from their individual natures, have quite different trials—the anxiety of the merchant, about the safety of his cargo ; and the author, as regards the success of his book—the painful anticipation of death, experienced by the miner of cobalt ; and by the individual subject to apoplexy, or hemorrhage. I consider that every man is in a balloon, to be wafted with the wind ; and if he be venturous, is subject to the peculiar local atmosphere to which his spirit may allow him to be borne : or, perhaps, it may be more like—that every man is in a delicate sail-boat, on the vast ocean, to sail where he will, and to trim his sail when and how he may think fit. And while we see one ride in safety, with a gallant pennant flying, a flaw of wind has struck another, and boat and mariner are being imbosomed in the deep.

But some men imagine that they are destined for the greatest trials, but it evidently is, because they make them so. How often have I seen men, with the slightest bodily affection, create for themselves the most painful mental ones—Indeed, I remember a schoolmaster of mine, rather inclined to foppishness, who imagined his clothes never fitted his person ; and, on that account, came to be perfectly miserable. I have often heard him say,—that he was the most unhappy man in existence ; and I invariably told him, that I thought he had great cause for being so—for I had never seen a finely-formed man so difficult to fit in clothes in my life.

There are, daily, instances of men catching slight cold from some little exposure to the honest air to which all men ought to be exposed who desire health or prosperity, having all sorts

of pulmonary diseases; and each time of catching fresh cold, they think that the disease is but progressing.

I knew a man, as every body knows such, poor fool! who, having a small excrescence on his neck, went to one of those creatures who are accustomed to envelope their real nature in the lion's skin. The animal convinced him that he had an hereditary cancer. The poor fellow had never heard of one in the family, till convinced of their certain existence there, by learned argument. The so-called cancer was removed, and for the very dangerous operation, and in consideration of the great and profound blessing he had conferred upon the overgrown child of ignorance, meekness, and terror, Monsieur Médécin received the contemptible compensation of one hundred dollars. Men deserve, I think, to pay for their credulity; therefore, this sum might only be a tariff paid on the pleasures of imagination, for Akenside says they are great pleasures.

Although a creature of imagination myself, and a perfect passion's child—yet I do not sink under little burthens—or great ones either. This may arise from my determination, and my patience. I have made up my mind, that there is nothing to be done, but I can do it if I choose; and so little regard have I paid to failure—for I have failed many times, and in many things—that I rise higher and superior at each successive fatality, as men call it, and think, with my present spirit, I could roll Sisypheus and his rock, too, to the top of the mountain and keep them there.

Napoleon said there was no such word in the French language as *impossible*; and Richelieu denied that he was acquainted with any such one as *fail*—or Bulwer makes him say so—which is just the same; for we know great men always

say those bold, expressive things. And Alexander and Cæsar, I have no doubt, were equally uninformed on portions of their mother tongues. But there are a great many young men now-a-days—and old ones, too, who seem never to have known any other words. The first word the former learned to lisp, was can't; and, I expect, the last one the latter will utter, when the physician invites them to be a little longer dwellers in the land—will be, can't. Then I come to the painful, punning conclusion, that although most men lead the life, and speak the language of cant;—few live the life, or die the death of Kant—not to say anything of the aforementioned worthies, who we are inclined to hope dignified death, as they exalted life.

Speaking of Kant—Immanuel Kant was a very remarkable man; the founder of a system of Philosophy—who was yet, never seven miles beyond his native town. A man whose body would have gotten lost, had he at any time been so abstracted, as to take a more than usually long walk. It would have been worth Gall's travel to Kant's old town to see his *Organ of Locality*.

Because I consider Kant a remarkable man, I do not, as other people, think that he was a strange man. He did not choose to wander from home, before he had exhausted all the philosophy which was there, or might be produced in that region of country.

I have no doubt, but that Immanuel had heard of that celebrated philosopher, who, so busied in looking in the skies, fell into a well. Enough—he did not deem it necessary, and future times must determine whether he was correct or not:—for a man to run all over the world, to see the Chinese eat opium—

to peep into a harem, and discover what concupiscent fellows the Turks are—see whether the beastly Laplanders really do gorge whale-oil, and settle the matter as to the identity of the American Indian with other men.

Those pursuits he thought, and perhaps justly too, suited spendthrifts. Many of whom I have seen come back home, perfectly natural men, and having on them their real character and manners. For, finding beings in their distant travel, with hair all over their faces, and with every peculiarity of themselves—certainly assimilated to themselves; they recognise them as brothers, imbibe their becoming habits, and intellectual pursuits—and on their return home, every one is surprised to see—for they had not dreamed of such a thing, from want of knowledge of foreign parts; that the body would so become an index to the mind. So like are they, that one would take them for the genuine orang-outang, if odious custom had not proscribed perfect nudity. But away with such trash, and such trashy fellows,—for I find that I commenced this paragraph with a philosopher, and I am about to end with a fool.

I had like to have left men's trials for philosophy—and well might I have done so, for it is a more advantageous, and a nobler study. Trials show men as they are—but as they dislike to be seen. It is humiliating to our nature to feel that we are subject to either physical, or mental infirmities. It makes us “smell of mortality.” It is to say, that we are not what we are.

An old, though fashionable lady, seems to have felt the force of this, when she protested to me, that she was perfectly well, when I saw she was positively ill. She was very pardonable,

since she felt conscious that to experience pain was most undignified—and fashion is shocked at a want of complaisant ease among its followers, when under much disquiet. I think Pitt was right—for I believe it was Pitt, who endeavored to give his sick room an air of impressiveness and dignity; but I do not like to hear men, who have broken their necks, say that nothing is the matter with them; or they have only sustained a slight injury on the ear.

I am frequently conscious of anxiety, and genuine pain of mind—perhaps I am not entirely free from it at this moment; but the little philosophy that I possess, shall clothe my nature in becomingness and dignity; and whatever of uncertainty may exist in my mind, as to my future success, I shall never discover it to men. I would not, if I felt satisfied of distinction tell it to men, lest, perchance, the temple rise not. I have hopes of success—for amid my failures, a spirit has still whispered, that others have attempted to climb and have slipped; and tried again and succeeded.

But to come to the stout truth—success is dependent on the man, and no one ever was great who was idle. Tell you as much as men choose about this and that great man's not studying; depend on it, that while you are a hawk, their great example is an owl. And that while he is declaiming off-hand to an eager audience—or reciting to his friends, so called extemporaneous verses, he is but giving expression to the thoughts which tortured his mind for their evolution in words, last night—that pained his body for denial of repose, and twisted his sheets into a thousand different folds. And here we find the reason that literary men and artists do not make pleasant companions

in marriage. They sit up all night to read the last criticism on their works—the new productions—and the artist patiently sits up over his fire, his eyes fixed into its most lurid part, as though to see there the expression he would give to the canvas or the marble. Suppose he has gone to bed—well he cannot lie there, when the weight of unwritten thought is so heavy on his mind. This is the chosen hour for composing—he leaps from his comfortable bed—he leaves the side of his companion. Now he lights his lamp, and is in search of a lost pen—he wants a scrap of paper, or some book of reference—he would give two kingdoms for what he wants. Well, he will hunt until he finds it, if it be not before the morning—he will look for it once again, and more closely into that confused bookcase—when up starts the wife half crazed with fear, and rightly too; for I am averse to these men's marrying—they have no right to impose on the women—and here the angel is waked up from her gentle slumbers, at the thoughts of robbers searching for valuables, or incendiaries hunting up combustible material. Oh! horrible sleep-walkers—star-gazers, unsociable wretches. If the women knew as much about you as I do, they would not desire husbands of poetic temperaments, however much they might like them as lovers. Bores they are to all, save those who are bores like themselves.

Authors of any note, are always students; but the genius-born never studies. So he does not, but fungus-like, springs up under the shadow of night, and with the face of the day shrinks back into the womb as a grave. Editors, through duty, I suppose, and old women through pity, or a desire of losing no chance for indulging their tearful disposition, go around singing the young unfortunate's requiem. And to the

credulous neighbors says, "What a great man that boy would have made, for he wrote most beautiful poetry;" and I have known many a most pitiful dolt write "most beautiful poetry." And I have often thought, what a pity it was he was not likewise dead, since "those whom the gods love, die young." So I heard a boy in his humanities say.

Every body desires to be a genius. It is a pity nature could not make more of them than she does. It is a wonder the Yankee has not turned his ingenuity that way, though I would not be thought as reproaching him for tardiness, when I know he can yield you a lawyer "as nice as any heart can wish," in six months, and a doctor equal to Sangrado himself, in from eight to a dozen moons. Simple as these wonderful improvements are, I am like the old people, and still must maintain the opinion, stale and foolish as it be, that men of genius are home manufacture—they make themselves.

Going back now to where I took my start, and viewing the course I have pursued here, I must say I have come to the conclusion that no path of life is smooth. Of course, I have travelled but one, and that was rugged. I have seen others pursuing other paths, and they tell me that they find earth not quite a paradise, or men angels; still they seem to accommodate themselves to both. Then, what reason is there that I should not do the same? And while other men are striving for glory, why am not I too? All have an equal chance for the goal; and he who reaches it first, perhaps deserves it most. Some fear to run for it, others start very boldly, but give out before the race is well begun. Neither of these shall be me, although mountains may rise before me, as they do in our

dreams, as we are approaching the desired object ; I will cleave them with my wand, till I reach the end of the course.

Although I hope not to run about the streets crying, *Eureka!* *Eureka!* yet my heart will surely pour its flood more rapidly. * * * * * [*Erased. Then commenced again.*] When the hour of death shall come, my heart will applaud itself for its duty done. And then I will, as that noble but unfortunate child of imagination, the Russian poet, Púshkin, turn to my books, my happy! happy books! and say, "Farewell my friends." And the climax approaching, reach it, with the words full of that same duty done, "Life is finished!"

AUGUST 1st.—To-day I have met with a man who pretends a great liking for me, but in an odd way. He hints that he is willing to do anything, to make any sacrifice for me. Rather remarkable this, for a decided stranger. However, I never esteem anything strange ; it would be too much like the world to say that strange things happen.

I am a man who desires that no one shall do the least thing for me, in the form of a favor. And I am certainly determined that no one shall make a sacrifice for me, for two very good reasons—the one on his account, the other on mine. First, in doing any small act, a man degrades himself, and reflects sadly on human nature ; and he likewise secures from me sure contempt. Again, it is painful to me to think, that a man should make me intervene, and become the means of degrading himself.

As to the sudden and ill-hatched affection, I am well enough acquainted with the human heart to understand it. I have money he thinks, or something he would like to partake in the enjoyment, not as a friend, but as one serving me in some

capacity. Not as a slave, nor as a menial, but as a sycophantic wretch, who wishes to share, as an underling, one's fortune or reputation, as may be. They are different persons now it may be perceived : the one gives you the service of his hands for work, his feet for errands ; the other caters for your amusement, tantalizes his intellect for your pleasure—in fact, gives you his mental service, and, if you wish it, is ready, likewise, to barter his soul's service for your gold ; and, he cares not a tittle for your favor, if it come without your gold.

To have a slave is wise ; for so many and so great are man's physical wants, and so contracted is his valuable time, that a serving man is positively demanded. Now, I have thought of it well—I have reasoned on it ; and come to the conclusion, that it may also be most wise in man, to have one who can yield mental service, too ; and when he comes uninvited, and you may likely get his services at your own price. I will try it, for at times there presses a weighty melancholy on my mind ; and amusement, like the wind in the bay, which diverts the waters from their old channels, or chokes and swells them unnaturally there, is the blotting out, or smothering of painful memories.

Kings and feudal lords have had their fools to wile away the monotony of a seclusive life ; and other men have had the same, frequently when they were unconscious of it ; for as the king has his fool, you have your favorite servant, who is accustomed to serve the same end. And so all men, the major portion of whose lives are devoted to no particular end, but whose constant ailment is ennui.

Perhaps one of these creatures may serve for something more than the mere amusement of the otherwise lonely hours

of satiety's children. He may be, as favorites always are, very smart, and even astute, and as some kings and kingdoms can testify; he is nothing more than a pet monkey, in whom the instinctive principle of self-love is strong. This man I will not refuse the service of; for, not much below his torrent of wit, flows a full, wide stream of common sense.

AUGUST 9th.—There is one feeling which I would give the world to have, for I do not imagine for a moment that I have ever known it: that feeling is love. Now I have met with some few of the other sex, whom I have esteemed, highly esteemed—with whom I have had considerable sympathy of mind. But the all-consuming fire which men talk about, poets exalt and idealize, and artists strike forth on the canvas, is quite unknown to me. Really I am inclined to doubt its existence, though I have heard it insisted on by very excellent men, that there is such a thing. And that, under its influence, we forget that other feelings require a share of our time, and we scarcely know that any other individual lives; more especially of the woman kind, than the one, the great source of this temporary happiness.

How such a state of abstraction of feeling from the world, and from all save one object alone can exist, I cannot conceive. But I suppose it must be so; for, in argument, they say, that must be true which every one unites in pronouncing so.

I have often thought it singular, that those heathens of the past, in making love blind, had not made him likewise foolish. They did make him a child; but folly is a degree beyond childishness: it is an advancement on it, that degrades human nature.

I do not think, so far as I have had the means of judging,

that there is that childish simplicity about the heart in love, said to be. I consider it the shrewdest affection of the mind ; for, take two persons in love—I write, of course, from observation ; for no matter how much I am inclined to respect, esteem, or love a lady, I had made a vow never to pay my addresses to one, until I should be released from the pursuit of law. How painful, therefore, is my situation. In all probability I shall never marry. If I should induce a lady to believe I loved her, how natural ; yet I could go no farther consistently with my vow, which I consider as holy.

Then, about the two persons in love. You may see the anxious and yearning look ; so wrapt the soul, as to be forgetful of the presence of every individual. But to the faith of it—to its shrewdness. Let another object come forward, and sue for the affection which is laid claim to—then there is the expression changed into the restless, the envious look : now we see the most powerfully concentrated art in the jealous one, in the endeavor to peer into the thoughts, to form a correct judgment of the real feelings of the object of devotion. To an uninterested person, individuals in love hold the most singularly foolish and undesirable position in the world. To see the soft, translucent, drooping eye, the pale and relaxed lip, the expression of profound languor in the face, the indifferent and careless appearance of the whole body ; to observe the ear which catches every syllable of a word, and the every tone in which it is uttered ; the look, as though the loss of the object would involve a world in misery.

Thank heaven I have never been in love, or, perhaps, I would not have chuckled over actions which the actors little thought were to the view of any but themselves. For lovers,

like the individuals of a prolonged intrigue, become careless of time and space; and presently, are observed by those who would never have sought them, or thought them in intrigue. We cannot avoid seeing that which is palpable. Who has not seen many a glance pass between parties? Many a longing look, many a shy touch, that showed the state of matters plainly enough? For myself, and I am unfortunately sensitive to such things, there come many undesired sights, since I have repeatedly fallen among persons in intrigue, without being at all aware of my situation. Indeed, I begin to think it my misfortune to see all the villany going forward in this world, which begins to need another deluge.

It is singular how unwise the wise act in love—how undignified the dignified act; frequently more in folly than the most ignorant, and ridiculous to perfection. Let men explain it as they will. But I think that as all wisdom is folly, and all dignity is ridiculous, and love being very artful in its attacks, makes men, by its influence, forget their art, and appear what they really are—just like removing the surface of gold from brass plates, or the polish from mock woods.

I have very little to do with the world; therefore, my opinion as to its wisdom or dignity, is not worth much. However, it is my impression, that there is no wisdom, nor has there been any in the world. That those whom we call sages, because of an order superior to others, are sages comparatively and not abstractly; and in number, through all ages, and in all places, do not amount to six. That of those who are called great—a lower order than that of sages—there are not that number—perhaps four. And I reckon all the rest of men great from their folly, not their wisdom; and in degree, as they

fall below the sages and the great. If it were necessary, I could prove it: there are two orators and about three poets. Rather fewer, however, than may be found in any country town. For among such and some people, any man is an orator who knows all the beautiful figures about the eagle and the lion, and can misquote Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare. He is a poet, who has arrived at the high art of making two lines jingle. I do not confine myself to those who write down their immortal verses in public places; but I mean those of a higher order—those who have now and then an idea, though it be stolen, but really dressed up so fine, that it would frequently puzzle the old gentleman author himself to say whether it was, or was not, his idea, now arrayed in all the fashion and foppery of the day.

Now, as to dignity, which, I was saying, sometimes fell in love. I dislike to speak of dignity, for it makes me laugh. But oh, my soul! is it not the most ridiculous thing in the world, to see a fool with his dignity on him, whether in or out of love. The so-called dignity, so far falls short of the real, it is so unlike the ease and simplicity of the only true dignity. This dignity, if I had time and ink to throw away on it, might, perhaps, be put in its true light. I could tell how a child might discompose and discomfort it; how the slightest accident would tear its mental coat. I have always placed, as contra-distinguished to these dignified men, those who are "nature's noblemen."

I begin to think that when I take up my pen, I do not know when to put it down; but what difference does it make? I sat down to enjoy an outpouring of my thoughts, and I have done so. Besides, it is of no consequence, since it is the busi-

ness only of myself. If any one should find this manuscript after I am gone, that person surely would not be foolish, nay, thoughtless enough, to attempt an interpretation of these waves and straight lines. In speaking of straight lines, I am having no thought of geometry. I never fancied such phantoms as the propositions of Euclid. I could not, when at college, imagine such confounded things in the air, as I never thought fairly proven on the black-board.

But I have not yet asked myself, what is love—but how useless to put a question I cannot answer—I have never known love; but from the expressed experience of others. Judging from what they tell me, I should say that love in the beginning, and perhaps throughout its course, is nothing more than a sentiment existing between individuals of similar prejudices, tastes and feelings. Now, as to prejudices, I have known two persons, both of whom being very fervent in their dislike of another individual; and becoming acquainted with each other, and expressing their impressions in regard to this individual, find that they agree exactly in their opinions—immediately is created a sympathy between them, while up to this time, there was mere similarity of prejudice—now imagination goes to fill up the void; and they imagine that in all things they assimilate; this deception goes on, and eventually, gives rise to what is called love. Such, alas! is love—a whimsicality. Again,—I have known two persons devoted to a particular art—as that of painting; become known to each other—talk over their beloved art, and in the most impassioned language. Corinne is not of this class. It is not long before these two are mad with love; and, having never spoken of anything, when together, but painting. How many households have been

disturbed because a wife has given too much time, and perhaps yielded too much devotion to some artist of painting, of music, or the like ? Such is the influence of taste in producing love.

How strange is love ! why, who has not known individuals so carried away by their passion for poetry, and reading, and repeating it in each other's society—that this same love has been developed within them, and ere long consumed them.

But the most perfect and thorough love, is where there is a community of feeling ; as two persons strongly imbued with the feelings of revenge, fidelity, or the like. Notice them when they meet—they are constantly raising the favorite theme, and they are impressed with the perfect unity of feeling between them. No other society is pleasant—even tolerable to them ; they meet to weave together their feelings—there is a perfect coalescence of feeling—they love.

Such is fickle, foolish love—and who would be in love ? I think I can see some of the damsels, looking askance at me, and saying, “ You, sir—would be.” They tell us of broken hearts—I think, perhaps, there may be an approach to a broken heart. Persons in the habit of this constant interchange of feeling, when deprived of it, may receive a violent shock—but their separation may not, I think, result as that of the Siamese twins, in death.

I have always thought, that the shock to ambition must be the severest that man can experience. For I have seen men fall in love—deeply too, come out of it again—love another, and another, and sometimes another and another. Not so ambition—which if it miss its high aim ; like an angel from heaven, falls to rise no more. The broken heart may be soothed, and softened down to the grave—but life with disappointed ambi-

tion, palpitating and uncertain flame, leaps quickly from the wick, ere the oil is one-hundredth part consumed.

It seems to make no difference with me, on what subject I begin, I invariably end with something about ambition—I have a presentiment—a premonition, that not only these ill-arranged thoughts will end with ambition,—but with it, my light will go out on the shore.

AUGUST 13th—There has always been a contest going on among men, as to the fact of there being more gained by the study of men, or the study of books. Now if they mean wealth by the word gained, I agree with them most cordially. If they mean more insight into the heart is arrived at, I am likewise inclined to agree with certain provisions. If they mean by the word gained, that more information is received, I shall give my vote to books in preference to men.

It is too evident, without any proof that can be adduced by me—that men have superior opportunities for the accumulation of riches in mingling with their fellow-men. Now as to the insight into the human heart, I shall ever admit that men of a particular clique, class or fashion, have the best knowledge of that same clique, class or fashion—but beyond that, they know nothing of consequence. They mingle with these from their youth, and therefore, must become acquainted with them. They know all the artifices of these men, because they have become initiated, as well into the motives as professions, which prompt men situated as themselves.

Now there is one, without the prejudices of clique, class or fashion—who steals noiselessly along, quite unknown and unregarded, but whom nature seems to have created an observer he stands off in the room of the auctioneer, and his mind works

its mighty, though hidden, machinery, with nothing to view but the face. The crowd intent on its various ends, never think of him—never trouble themselves with the wonders within that little body. At another time, he sits on some retired step, and all the world of action, feeling and motive travel past him, yet not unobserved, for in the vast treasure-house of his mind, he is recording the actions of this many-phased humanity. Again, this one in assemblies, stands out of the light and gaze of those around—his greatness is not seen through the guise of the ordinary man. Seldom are the great distinguished in a crowd. This individual is as the cat in the corner of a room filled with persons—puss is the most quiet of any there; for she is a listener, and listeners are always quiet. While she seems indifferent to all that is going forward in the room, she sees every leer that is given, and every foot that is moved. Puss is looked on as a cypher—but I have always treated her with the greatest respect; and on entering a room she should be the first to whom I would speak, and the one to whom I should pay the most marked attention. I consider her favor worth more than that of the rest of the company, for she has an acute sensibility, and is very sarcastic, and devoted to ridicule.

Persons who are acquainted with cats, and know them from their general behavior, and from hearing them laughing and talking, never treat them with the slightest disregard or disrespect—but invariably with distinguished politeness.

I hope if this manuscript should fall into a cat's paws, in the course of her rumaging for the tender little mice; that she will properly appreciate my motive in what I am saying here. As a proof that we should not be indifferent to the feelings of cats. I will relate what I heard one night. There were three cats;

one was giving forth to the two others standing together on a wall, what happened in the chamber of an old maid—matters which I would not unfold for the world, for I do not believe they knew I was near. I was, however, attracted by the roars of laughter sent up by the two cats who were listening. The narrator, was now flirting, and curvetting about the wall, in mimicking the old maid before her mirror. I listened as long as my modest ears would allow me—for cats are not very particular in their conversation, or their language—and retired.

Now I shall never lose my respect for cats—although I must say, of the real cat, the degenerate tiger of our domestic use ; I have not the greatest opinion as regards his fidelity. But it is a duty, I consider that we owe ourselves, to pay a proper deference to those who may possibly see cause to injure us. I have seen persons who would speak to cats through mere kindness, with even less feeling than he who “is all things to all men.” Now cats can see as far into human feelings as any one—and those who know them, say they can see a little farther. I am acquainted with a few cats, and can say for them, that this is true. Therefore, to those would-be kindnesses, their manner is very sparing, and their words are very few,—they generally answer only *mew* ; which means more than people imagine—for there is a bitterness—a pleasing sarcastic expression in a cat’s face ; more, especially when he says *mew*, very similar to that we see on the mouth of Voltaire, in the pictures of him. Such, perhaps, may he be who studies cliques, classes and fashions.

As to whether more information is gained from books—certainly no wealth is—and not much insight into the human heart, for common sense men who understand human nature best, know very little of, and care much less about books. But,

I think, if men are cats, books are hardly second to cat-observations—for if we have contracted these habits of observation, and books contain the results of similar ones, then there must exist mental aid in each to each; and men can find pleasure either in books or in observation. Because in reading books they have recalled to their minds, those things which have passed before their view as observers—from this reading, they desire to fall into thought; and are presently led off into the luxury and enchantment of reverie. If they are occupied in observing men and manners, they revert to what they have read of a similar nature; and oftentimes feel a satisfaction and a pleasure in seeing their observations accord with those of other men, more watchful, shrewder, and wiser than themselves.

I have a contempt for the man who devours books, for he will after a time, assuredly become, as he who gluts food, fat and foolish; for having gone on feeding, he contracts a disease from his plethora, when all the heap of unassimilable and superfluous food must be removed from the system; then he must resort to venesection and violent purgatives, so as to be enabled to throw off the vast quantities, and various qualities of figures of speech, and poetry with a long et cetera. Oh! heavens—sooner than be tormented often by the unfortunate presence of these valetudinarians, I had rather you should give me for society, hypochondriacs on hypochondriacs—and, if you consider that you are giving me too good a bargain, command me to dwell in a whole hospital of patients—send me to a mad-house, for the company of these will send me there; and think that you have done me a favor, and perhaps been the preserver of my life.

I have always been uncertain and undecided whether I should despise or tolerate the Italian book collector, Mayliabechi, the

end for which he made his collection seems doubtful to me, although he certainly studied, and I am inclined to hope for a better purpose, than those whom I have had the painful occasion to mention—the wretched race of memorizers.

I think a vast collection of books is what might almost be called, a magnificent sight; and that I desire to possess one, I do not deny, inasmuch as “some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention—some books also, may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.”

SEPT. 12th.—Once again have I visited the rock of dear memory and past exalted thought,—again have I had my feelings of pleasure renewed,—again sympathized with nature—sought to admire her variety—to adore her grandeur. I have one wish, among many others less urgent, with respect to this rock. I desire to be upon its beak when the lightnings play among the mountains, and when the thunders reverberate through the numberless valleys.

How pleasing does dwell association on those dark mountains, and in those gay valleys? I associate the howling of the wolf, with the nutting of the squirrel, and the tangling brier, which has rolled me down the steep mountain side. I have a cane I cut on the side of this mountain, to aid me in climbing and avoiding the sharp and shelving rocks—no treasure could buy that cane—for it constitutes a too pleasant link in the chain of

life to be removed. Oh, memory! do thou dwell in such scenes? in such joyous hours dwell oft and long.

OCTOBER 1st.—It seems that with some judgment I have chosen my man, for to-day the fellow played a doubtful trick on me, as borrowing some of my books without leave. However, I have said nothing to him about it; for he who engages a known rascal in his service, must expect such trifling. But, I will take occasion at some time to show him, that I am conscious of the very marked liberty he has taken; with an assurance, nevertheless, that I felt it a tribute paid to his cleverness, aye, and a reward for his laboring for me, in discovering the peculiarities of human nature.

This man discloses to me, matter of something more importance than the worth of a heap of such trash as he possessed himself. He goes everywhere, I believe, and knows everything, and is a man I value in his way. Hermit as I am, he lays bare human passion, opens the arcanum of human motive to my view as if he were a divinity.

To-day he tells me that he had been, and not long since, constantly in the society of a young man of the most decided genius, who was thwarted in his efforts by stern and unrelenting poverty. He repeated the word poverty, with that impressive, yet hypocritical tone of eloquence, which made me see to the bottom of his heart. He proceeded to say: "Poverty, poverty, marred and maddened him." "And where is he now?" said I. "He sleeps," said he, "in that portion of the churchyard, parcelled out with a sparing hand to the stranger; and not a twig did the pampered old sexton stick in the sod, on that day which harrowed up my feelings—that stormy burial day. The rich soap boiler's grave was as yet unturfed; and,

moreover, a blazing fire was on the sexton's hearth. Wonder not, then, that a stranger's grave, which is equivalent to an untenanted one, should receive no simple mark to show that it were not some villain's—it were not the favorite dog of some influential man. Nothing indicated the spot where the head laid that displayed to your eye, in its expansive beauty, the imaginative and the intellectual man."

"How did the young man die?" said I, anxious to know more of him. "Raving like a madman with mania-a-potu." On saying this, he cast his eyes to the ground in painful thought, and then went on to say, "I saw him in life—I saw him in death; and when I looked on him in death, and thought of him in life, would you think it, I denied that what I saw was what it was. I could not believe those lips on which I had seen sit the sweetest smile I ever saw—a smile given to friendship and those he loved, and those whom he admired, and who, in turn, admired him; and of the latter there were many. Those lips which had silenced the caviller, and so often curled in scorn at the action which was wont to degrade the man."

He thought for a moment, and then proceeded. "Sir! I am not the right sort of a man; but a demon could not have looked on that face, smiling as it was, even in death, without a smile in turn, sadly flaying on his own face:

"Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

None could look upon that face, with the creatures of memory hurrying through his mind, as through my own at that time, without doubting death—without possessing the mysterious uncertainty as to his own existence; and without placing his

hand on his heart to perceive if it were still beating with the power of life."

"About death, I have, any how, a strange idea. I could never fully impress it on myself, that those I once knew well were dead, though years may have passed since they have gone to the grave. My mind, by my reasoning power, is convinced that there is death. Passion, aye life itself, teaches my mind that there is death. But my heart revolts at the idea: it refuses to believe such a thing, and we are insane for a period after the death of any endeared object; and, we can only be convinced when the affections of the heart give way to the convictions of the mind. Sir, I never, until this occasion, when the consciousness of the reality of his state was impressed on my mind, had felt that choking, smothering feeling—that leaping of the full heart into the mouth."

He dwelt now listlessly in thought; I interrupted it by asking, "and poverty brought this on him?" "It did," said he. "Then," said I, "did you, for I doubt your feelings, as I claim the right to question the actions of every man—did you, who have given yourself such a character to me, feel sorrow at his departure." "Convinced," said he, "from what I know of you, short time as I have known you, that it is useless to attempt to hide genuine feeling from you, I therefore tell you, and with all sincerity, that that young man, though poor, had ability enough, to have raised him to any place that he might have aspired. He was, despite his strength of mind, however inclined to despair—and the most superior men are known to be so.

"I had been myself ruined, for soonafter, taking a false step, I was lost to the regard of honorable men; and by degrees, I

learned like my deceiver to deceive—like my seducer to seduce; and it was not long before it became a pleasure—a truly savage pleasure, to victimize the thoughtless and the generous minded. On this young man, therefore, I placed my ruin-mark. I commenced my devilish work by sympathizing with him, in his despairing moments—and, sir, you know how deadly is sympathy, and especially in the dark moments of despair. As well as the sweet balm of Gilead, is this sympathy, the baneful hemlock. That is the enchanted castle which we build up for another's destruction—that was the magic of my power, and by degrees, I drew him to a place where he might drown his temporary sorrow. I sought to make him known in intimacy with the blear-eyed publican—and to affiliate him with the loungers of the hell. I succeeded, because I had coiled myself around his heart. Now, then, it was I, who gave that noble young man to the worm, and the undistinguished grave. Judge me not a villain though, for perhaps before we finally part, I may tell you of other men, considered better by the world, who have been more ignoble—who have done darker deeds than this. View my situation rightly too, I beseech you, before you form a judgment that may be harsh.

“I was an easy, for I was an early dupe to a villain—I am despised by some—called wretch by others. And I am now, as others you see daily strolling the streets, dependent on their wit, their humor, and at times, their impertinence for an existence. Every face is not, as physiognomists tell us, an index to the heart—neither index permanent, or one for the time—and every fair face does not indicate a virtuous heart—nor every smile, a glad one. Vice can so polish the features, and often give a

temporary expression by its magic art, that would defy physiognomists, and make vice in their minds appear virtue."

"Sir, if it be necessary for me, a man of experience, to tell you, let me say never—never trust the face. It is the frozen viper you are taking to your bosom. Though the face often indicates the real heart—yet far oftener it is the mock sun. It is ~~the~~ other, it is the pseudo-reflection of the heart, about which we can know but very little till we visit its innermost recesses. My God! to deceive by the face is the study of the world; no member of any society but does it; the child before it leaves the cradle—and certainly the nurse's arms, has learned to show what it does not feel. A man in a refined age, is never to be judged by his actions, by appearances; for appearances are the appurtenance of genteel society, and of a polished world. Let the savage show his passion without reserve—without control, it becomes degenerate beings like him. But mark the contrast; the savage is considered brutal because he does not restrain his fierce passions, but acts above the regard and the remonstrance of enlightened men. See the man in society, you would think he had no passions—he certainly has passions, and does he curb them? No, but hides them from the light of day, and you would never find on the smoothness of his face, that at the council-hall of his heart he was meditating your ruin—and in that same council its members were discussing fiercely the pleasures of envy and revenge—and thinking of the time when they could reach the meed of gratification."

"Have patience, I beseech you, with my deeds," said he; then said I, "Is there not a broken dagger of remorse, that festers in the bosom of such as you—for I had thought so, and that life, to such a man, was a dreary waste without a path; since

this dread sirocco would obliterate with its stifling weight of breath even every kindly footmark of Arab, or camel." "A man, sir," said he, "accustomed to the hate and neglect of the world, now called fool—then stamped villain, is as forgetful, if not entirely regardless of all feelings of remorse—as he late has been of the opinion of the world. Remorse, why, sir, in such a man it is blotted out, by that loathsome, despicable, O! last of all human feelings, isolation! It is a damning feeling, and I wish sincerely that you may never be acquainted with it; because under its influence, there is no deed on the criminal calendar, that you could not commit with perfect indifference."

"Sir, do not think me so much worse than others. Place any man where I have been, and am now, and see if he were not just as I am. Degrade an angel—and he were not better than I am—and degradation is not in the wretched;" and with the smile of a Cynic, he continued, "but, it is in the generous ones—if you will, who disparage and decry. My dear sir, the steps that a man has to tread from coolness to neglect, and from neglect to degradation, are shorter and fewer than is thought, before they have to be travelled. And, moreover, you do not know all the men who are degraded; neither do you know all who feel the bitter of remorse. Sir, you sit and stand by many an one in every polite and excellent assembly. There are few men willing to disclose their heart's genuine emotions like myself—neither would I perhaps, but that you had promised not to unfold that secret prompting of the worse nature of the heart in myself, that I discover to you. And knowing too—that you can read my heart somewhat. [This is blotted, and likewise torn to the commencement of the next paragraph.]

"Sir, I was not born in the gloom and vice of a hovel—but

in the magnificence of a mansion; I have seen the very highest points of fortune, and the very lowest depths of poverty. I have had my body rolled along the streets in a coach like a fairy's—and I have jostled with mean creatures, and vagabonds in an offal coat. I know every state of society—I have had every feeling, from the most generous of the excellent youth to the foulest of the most depraved villain. Do not hate me, I know it is the custom to fear such men, more than to hate them. Well, as I passed to my present situation; I looked with a vigilant eye—though I had with me a thoughtless, and perhaps wanton heart: I watched society's every shade,—and the world, take it altogether, will I interpret its every tongue for you, be it the purest or the foulest. For I have been as virtuous a man in my happy days, as a vile one now. I am not as the world chooses to think me—not thoroughly a doubtful man; hiding his real nature beneath the guise of pleasantry; because it has been my pleasure to amuse them with folly and grimace. Sir, nothing else suits a taste so small and vile, but that language which is trivial, and presses slightly on a light brain—and there is nothing like foolish actions for the herd.”

It has been my pleasure to surprise the world in their contracted view of things, with an amount of shrewdness they had not imagined any man possessed. Sir, I have heart, and I have a mind—and I have a soul, as large, though it may not be as swollen as that of other men. I will do you service, sir, if I can—by placing in view before your mind, the world—when we shall meet and converse together—the great world, that with all its mightiness and consequence, can by a simple act of willing, be crushed between the thumb and forefinger of divinity, with many times the rapidity with which lightning

shivers the sturdy old trees of an hundred years' forest growth. Farewell, and think nothing of this exterior, this wild imagination, ~~this~~ too vitiated mind, and sated heart."

With this strange creature I parted. I consider that he is no deformed production; he is not of our untimely birth; and he is not a creature of my imagination. The man really exists; and I can place my finger on him to-day, any day that he lives.

We separated, and he left me sitting on the old bench where many a conversation had taken place, many a plight of love, many a colloquy of folly, of bargain, and of villainy. However, I hold sacred, and am almost inclined to worship these old things, as the tablets of association. How devotedly we love an old family chair. I know a man who has a simple little stool, which, he says, he would not take a world for, because some of the greatest men he has known, as boys, had sat on that stool, and listened to his guitar and voice in song. It will go down to his posterity, and be thought by them more valuable than any relic that another may possess of the famous. I have, myself, an old cane—why, it is a mere piece of wood; but, besides having been with me everywhere, and being cut and carved with many things dear to recollection, on one occasion it saved my life among loose rocks. Then, there is one thing a relic in every family; the old, much worn Bible of our father's father. I can sit down, with it opened on my lap, and imagine the progenitor registering my father's birth. I can see his eye, lit up with high expectations of his infant son; and I can hear him in his heart say, "My boy, whose birth I am now recording, will be a great man, and so shine as to elevate still more the family, and make more known the name."

Such is that bench to my heart : it saw the frolic of my boyhood, and that is surely enough without recalling more. That bench I would shed the last drop of blood for, and esteem it **greater patriotism than warring**, as frequently occurs, for a single man's ill-judged expression. That old bench ! Well, on that old bench I now sat in strong reflection on the strange communion this man had been holding with himself ; for he was but breathing the language of thought to himself, as though he might rid himself of the weight, and vent the bitter of his soul on the world—a world which had cast him out from it so entirely.

I thought he wished to flatter me into a seduction ; but he sees that I have known men as well as himself, though, I must acknowledge, that he has the advantage of me, in knowing many of the darker feelings. I am glad at last to meet with a man, who is thoroughly shrewd, and, at the same time, willing to speak without reserve to me. I feel that I have a magnetic power over him, inasmuch as he believes he can do nothing without my knowing it, or certainly finding it out.

This man is somewhat the impersonation of a large class ; and he is the only acute man I have ever gotten so under my influence, as to make him speak his thoughts—his real obscured, silenced thoughts.

He somewhat nearly approaches the great class known as hypocrites, and he is a gigantic and remarkable one, and, perhaps, rather a degenerate one ; for he would be guilty of some very little acts, as the aforementioned borrowing of books, with as much indifference as the greatest hypocrite would swindle a creditor, starve an aged and dependent woman, or ruin a man *who has saved his fortune and life*. It seems very strange that

with all his propensities, some of his feelings are as noble as those which prompt the best men ; yet they cannot be brought to light, because his soul is in the shadow of ill deeds, and because the world scorns to invite him to offer up his greatest sacrifice for country's good, or for some individual act, that would remove crime—that spots a name. No ; from him the world does not expect, does not ask, in faith, does not wish ought but the reverse ; I must stay to his farther disclosure, ere I am willing to point to him, with the awful sceptre of defamation.

OCTOBER 17th.—Enough ! enough of authorship ! since the reward of an author's toil is neglect too often, misconception as often, and abuse always. But I will not become sentimental with Othello, and give vent to my feelings as thus ;

“ O now, forever,
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell ! ”

And conclude, in that woebegone language :

“ Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone ! ”

To say that I have not feelings of bitterness toward the world, would not be strictly true. I know not who to lay my misfortune with in particular—therefore, I lavishly hate all, for the cold reception with which my book has been received. And moreover, this same bitterness, has much mingled with it of chagrin, a most hated feeling.

To have passed the many studious hours,—to have spent the wearing thought ; and while I will not speak of the midnight oil, so much the talk of studious men ; yet will I say, that I have watched my portion of the hours of night, as well as been

active through the day. My toil has been no common toil, but I care not, nor could I give expressions after such a fashion as did a celebrated Frenchman: "Je demande une grace que je crains qu'on ne m'accorde pas; c'est de ne pas juger, par la lecture d'un moment, d'un travail de vingt années; d'approuver ou de condamner le livre entier, et non pas quelques phrases. Si l'on veut chercher le dessein de l'auteur, on ne le peut bien decouvrir que dans le dessein de l'ouvrage." I had not spent twenty years in thinking on my subject and writing out my work; nor, would I sacrifice twenty years to the sole devotion of any pursuit. Twenty years, it must be considered, is a length of time; and if a man gives that much of his life, to researches necessary for the production of a work for posterity, and to render him famous, then I never would be famous; nor would I be wise enough, perhaps, to derive any possession at so dear a cost. I am conscious that a man engaged in a pursuit, fortunately suited to his taste, finds unremitting pleasure therein. But who will undertake to prove to me, that a man does not, in his old age, look back regretfully, at what he esteems too much of his time spent in something very like profitless study, or some delving calling; and too little in the individual, and transitory enjoyment of earlier days in the world, it is natural; and, let Cicero say what he pleases, about the pleasures of old age, it is not pleasant unless occupied with thoughts on the fullness of enjoyment, in those days, when mind, body and soul were susceptible of pleasure from their youthful vigor.

But who will describe the feelings of a man, whose ambition is disappointed? Do authors tell all they feel? I know they have told much; but the greater part is yet unwritten. Then can the painter give it in his picture—if so, where is it? No;

neither the pen or the pencil can give the whole feeling—the whole thought expression. I will attempt it, though with not a hope of success—but I feel that I can somewhat accomplish it, being actuated by the force of a painful experience.

A few months ago, and my heart throbbed for excitement, and I wished to have the feelings of an author, whose work was before the people, the great, the humbug people. Well, I have written, re-written, erased, supplied, criticised, and given the finishing touch to a poem; it was a poem then. The subject was one of deep interest, because the history of an unfortunate woman. She excelled her sex in beauty; she had attainments, was accomplished, and possessed a comprehensive mind. There was in her nature, a noble enthusiasm, and a remarkable capacity for happiness. She in a high degree, had all the charms of a sweet and early maidenhood, when the stealthy step of one wearing the garb of a sacred order, and bearing about him all the austerity and severity of virtue of a high and solemn character, approached her. His manners were insinuating; his word was influence and power. He induces her to enter an enchanted castle, where all around is excellence above nature; and hence with the alluring scenes surrounding her; the fascinations of the inmate's learning, of his eloquence, of his love she is in fancy carried away. And then all and equal delights are promised, so long as she will dwell there.

Ere long she becomes so infatuated, and her taste grows so fastidious, that ordinary scenes can produce no longer the most common pleasure.

Excitement cannot always endure. Presently she leaves the enchanted castle, to return to the world. She returns, but no longer the same being—she is filled with visionary notions.

Alas! she is a fanatic, and wanders about she knows not whither. She talks no more as she did, before visiting this strange, unnatural place—sweet words now are exchanged for idle and wild expressions.

From a fanatic she becomes a maniac, and tears her hair—returns wild looks for the kind ones of her hoping and doting parents. But now she raves—and tears her flesh. She must be chained to the floor of her cell. She is a demoniac now; and a thousand shapeless forms stretch their wiry hands to grasp and to torture her. She strives to evade their dreadful clutches; and struggling, encircles her neck with the cruel chain. She chokes—strangles—dies. And a beautiful and happy maiden is, in a short time, transformed into the hideous and disfigured wreck of an infuriate demon.

I thought I treated this subject as it deserved—for I carefully avoided being too intricate in the plot; and in the whole development, I studied, as does an artist, his entire picture to the minutest form, and the shade of the smallest and most evanescent object.

I fear that the cause of its failure is to be sought in its having been thoroughly, both in thought and expression, my own. I surely endeavored to render it real—to make fancy give way to more beautiful truth. It cost me, before I sat down to write it out, I know not how much thought. I meditated on it when alone, and when too I should have enjoyed beautiful and sublime scenery. I thought of it, perhaps I contemplated it, when all was gay, sportive, and full of all that is passing away around me.

Oh! when pleasure was uppermost in the minds of others, *and glad days* seasoned it, and no canker was there; and I too

might have been happy, and not given to vain things—my best, my choicest hours. I watched its growth with that critical eye, which a mother certainly never looked on her darling, first, and only child. At one time, I would correct it, as a mother does her child, and seek to uproot and remove sophistry—strike out dangerous and delusive errors, and make all be ruled by the magic power of truth and reason. And, I think, seldom is to be discovered here, thought and expression leaving their teachers, reason and truth, or pursuing obscurity in preference to simplicity.

Perhaps I had clung too fondly and too long to a darling idea—because I have felt toward it, as a parent to some imagined excellence in his child. And, at times, I have parted from an idea with the same reluctant feelings of a mother who sees her own blood spilt in the person of her child. These, then, are my faults, but they are so natural that I have thought they might have been borne with, if not excused. Ah! we all cling to that which is dear to us—we all love that, an hundred fold more, which we see may be lost to us. Even for 'our known faults, after habit we acquire feelings of attachment—a spendthrift loves the very thought that he is a spendthrift—the miser esteems himself because he is a miser. So the robber prides himself in the thought that he is a robber; and the lover looks on that thought as the dearest, that he loves woman—man holds it to be great that he hates his enemy and loves his friend.

Of all these, one example may suffice—I know a beautiful and intelligent woman, who has loved a man from his childhood, because he was devoted to her. Then through long years, she has acquired the habit—she has committed the fault of loving him. After a time, she began to love him too wholly

and devotedly—for he saw and felt it, and hence valued not her love so highly. He perceived that she was the same to him in his errors as in his acts of worthiness. He neglected her—he left her and sought another, whose love was suspended, as on a pivot, that with his every action it would turn about, or be balanced to a perfect nicety. For her, then, he laid aside his former love—not because her affection was less valuable, but that she was too fatally and unalterably constant to him. He married the last love; and she who was the first love, had all the affection of her life cast away. Woman's imprudence, then, made him inconstant—yet true as woman is in that one thing, she loved on, and loved to love, even though it were a folly and a fault—although the world sneered and laughed. Ah! she had lived to love—it was the great error and mistake of her life—the fault, and she was devoted to her fault. And, as for the sneers and the laughter of the world, she either did not regard them, or returned them a thousand fold, with her scathing sarcasm. And her solace always was—that others were attached to their idols, though they might not be the same as hers—and others, too, made virtues of their faults.

How altered are our feelings, and how changed is our knowledge and opinion of men; after we have written a book, and made ourselves thence a subject of remark—of expressions of odium and of ridicule. Scandal, too, oftentimes we cannot hear to defend. Before this time then, we look on all men, our readers in especial, as friendly to our design; for see the opening language of a work—where are found the words addressed to “the kind and indulgent reader,”—a being who, now, I am satisfied does not exist, but I can believe there are persons who

may be flattered by a few such words, into a little less harshness than they would otherwise possess.

When one writes a book, he imagines so soon as it gets out, every one will be struggling headlong to purchase, before the edition is sold out. The poor author imagines that men will take no less interest in it, and no less desire its success, than himself. How subject to deception, then, are even the wisest—they cannot believe men hurry only for what boys scramble over the ground—that which is given them. They never dream that men go deliberately to procure that for which they have to pay from their reluctant pockets. Ah! they will take up your book—scan the title first, and if it be an unfortunate one, or one they may be prejudiced to, cast it down; to take it up no more. If a good title, and the binding does not please them they will not give it a moment's attention—since you know the outside of things in this world indicates what is within, i. e. a frog's head contains a jewel. But should both of these be enticing, why they will find fault with your division of subjects, and, of course, every man knows how a subject should be divided, although it may be one with which he is unfamiliar. Your distribution of numerous interjections, is a fault which makes your language too impetuous. You should not introduce so many dashes—then go to the printer, he did that; and I will venture he will tell you to go somewhere else—since the language of the author required these same dashes—Again, you write on subjects with which every man is not acquainted—and no very difficult thing is it to do; you make allusions to those matters with which this man is not familiar, inasmuch, I suppose, as his information does not extend over all learning.

Fellow author! do you wish to succeed. I have told you

how I have failed. I see my error now, and I can point, too, to the right path. Write a Song Book, or you will neither meet nor deserve success—for this rare and remarkably philosophic style of writing suits all tastes—is adapted to all capacities. Aye—I never saw a man who did not like some one of the fashionable song books—if there be one, he

“ Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils—
Let no man trust him.”

Pshaw! I can forgive the neglect of my book—and I can as easily forget the abuse so lavishly bestowed on it by those whom neither the Gods, their learning or their taste made critics. Why should I regard the efforts to my disparagement, of those who have their authority by usurpation—those who have nothing to maintain their power but their unblushing pretensions? Forgive neglect! surely since some of the greatest poets and artists have been neglected, and not only that, but left to starve on the steps of the very mansions their intellectual wealth has built, for the pampered and soulless dealers in talent and genius. Forget! yes, even forget, the hand that struck the blow. And if I have correct feelings, and a small share of common sense, I could forget, after a time, that even a blow was struck at all. Forget Parnassus, and its heavenly spring—forgive and forget the world, and learn to follow an even way of life. And should I desire that excitement, with which I seemed blessed before having renounced letters, then I will plunge deep into the frivolity, nor hesitate to stoop, perhaps, to the dissipations of a world ready and anxious to receive accession to the number of its restless, irrational creatures.

I do hereby, since provoked by an ungenerous, thoughtless, callous world, renounce the pursuits of literature; and not

only never again produce a book, but never as before read, or study, or even look into my dear volumes. Never, as formerly, devote that time to thought, too much of which was given to building castles in the air. I will never spend one hour, henceforth, but in the giddy world, or in thoughts thereon. I will turn my inventive disposition to the creation of new pleasures; forget, as foolish, and as calculated to make me miserable, the things of early days. Reduce pleasure to a system, and make that system more magnificent than that of La Place, more admirable than that of Newton.

DECEMBER 12th.—Would to heaven I had some one at this time to give me his experience in one of the affections; for, to myself, my present feelings are singular—they are mysterious—they are quite inexplicable. Ever since I can recollect myself, I have been a wild, giddy person, giving vent to all the feelings that result from my singular nature, without the curb of a human being. I was *sui generis* in my feelings, as I was, likewise, in breaking from the bands of restraint that might be imposed, or attempted to be imposed. As a boy, I was never fond of frolic, in my own way, however; that is, I never sought or received enjoyment in the way that most others did—in doing small deeds of cruelty or committing acts of theft, that so well, in a schoolboy, indicates the future duellist and gamester. In my youth I was not tameable, and now that I am a man, I am not yet a wholly domesticated animal; but I have had feelings of late, which have approached more nearly domesticating me, than any I have ever known.

I lately saw a woman—it is no very rare sight, indeed, to see one—but I think she is no ordinary woman; and, the reason I judge her to be so is, from the remarkable effect the

mere notice of her had on me. Now, before seeing her, I was that wild being, but now I am as tame as a lamb; and I thought a short time ago, I was devoted to my books—that they and me could not bear separation for a moment: now they are truly “in the running brooks,” or where I know not. I have not met with them lately, having found another and more worthy divinity for idolatry than they. I have dismissed them, and let them go. Ah! such then is this creature man; never true at all times to a single object: to-day he worships at one shrine, to-morrow at another. Oh! how could such a fickle creation come forth from the great mind? Tell me, my heart, if this be not a true reflex? Tell me, I say, if I wrong you with a word? No, no; I can hear you answer that it is unfortunately so, and that too often the delusions of sweet smiles and insinuating manners make you treacherous to your dearest friends.

But to recall my late feelings, though it is almost impossible to do so, from their variety and the rapidity with which they came and went, and thought took place. I was at the theatre, to see the performance of Hamlet, of whom, to my mind, a rather shallow writer says, “Of whom we have read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after-years.” The actor was the finest Hamlet of our times. I sat, as is my habit, in the most retired part of the theatre, yet, so situated, that I might easily see all the persons it contained, and, at the same time, recognise them; and might have a fair opportunity of making observations, and thinking thoughts—what kind of thoughts I pleased, quite uninterruptedly. This I am somewhat addicted to. All men, however, are addicted to what are their peculiar pleasures; and I am excusable for

possessing what seems almost a natural propensity to enjoyment. So situated, I passed my eye around the semicircle of boxes, where the followers of fashion, the possessors of wealth, and the self-sufficient children of pride were vying with each other in extravagance and excess of worldliness. Here I beheld the noisy belle laughing, and roaring out her words to a supercilious fop. There I looked on the woman of fashion introducing her daughter to notice, by calling the attention of the young men in her neighborhood to the beautiful drop curtain, which they, for their part, had seen too long already for patience sake. Here I saw the vulgar-minded women and upstart men, looking sideways at the fashionable people, and endeavoring to catch their airs, that they might ape them. What an unenviable and damning position they held in the eye of he even who is not a calm and thoughtful observer of the scene! Their position, let not the humblest man in the world thoughtlessly envy. There sits the homely and wondering countryman, clad with the honest reward of his toil, just beside, and touching the starched and powdered gambler. All ages, all classes, are dispersed among, and mixed up with the crowd of a theatre. Here is the world perfectly in miniature; and who but feels that there is also here the great world of feelings as of bodily presence?

I say, when all was giddy thought, and foolish action, and wondering stare, aye, and glittering nothing, was one, and a woman, young and beautiful, not as others are beautiful, but she was of the rare and individual kind; she had the rose on her cheek, while there was a quiet sadness expressed in her eye, and on her lip was stamped something of sorrow. The position she had assumed was one very dignified. Her eyes

were frequently fixed very intently on a single spot, and almost with the painful stare of vacancy, thoughtful vagueness—an expression the mind can give to the face; yet it is the face of one by nature very happy, but whom some little circumstance of life has rendered less so, and thence inclined to abstraction. It was evident to me, that she was not as those around her—that her thoughts were not as others' thoughts. She was constituted of the same as they; but the clay in the earth, and that moulded into an exquisite form in the hands of the sculptor, are not more different. One could perceive that she was not suing for notice and general admiration—that she was not desirous of holding here the envied and the exalted place; hence, perhaps, might result her reverie.

The curtain rises, and she assumes a position, the dignity of which I shall not soon forget. Her attention is fixed on the stage, and ere long her eye is riveted on the progressing motion of the play. She had sufficiently excited my interest—therefore, on her, I fixed my attention—determining in my mind to watch into her face, as I would into a mirror, to see young Hamlet.

From the opening of the play, she appeared to be impressed with its mysterious grandeur, and I could imagine that she, too, could fill herself with the spirit of the supernatural, and that she could embrace in her bosom, every emotion that distinguishes the generous, and banish every one from it, that marks the base. I observed that she curled her lip at the first speech of the king; and her face spoke, that it foresaw the hypocrite, in the very first sentence uttered by him—a pleasing bitterness strode across her countenance, she had the old sycophant's heart just before her eyes. Sycophants believe, however, that no one penetrates their feelings—but men do not tell others all

they think about them, any more than they think all the things of them they tell.

It is evident that the first words of Hamlet have won her approbation, for in a single line, he expresses more feeling—he discloses more with respect to himself, to his mother and to human nature—alas! human nature, you must have tell-tales sometimes, few men are honest and fearless enough to tell the downright truth, ah! he is a hero who does it—I say, he expresses more than is ordinarily embodied in a poem of our times in these few words,

“A little more than kin, and less than kind.”

Oh, vile poets, who run mad after figures of speech, that seldom convey to our minds any notion of things—and arise from no idea at all—look at this single line of a student of nature; a man of observation, and a child in his own simplicity—it is in a degree appreciated, when well and feelingly enunciated by a good actor, but it should be thought on—in my enthusiasm, I esteem it worth a kingdom. And when his mother, the queen, addresses him as to his behavior since his father's death, think of it, there are five words to express an universal feeling:

“Ay, madam, it is common,”

and I am almost inclined to agree with some despairing genius of another country, that it is almost sacrilege to write after Shakspeare; it certainly is folly. In this fair woman, on whom I had fixed my eye, I observed a gentle movement of the head, indicative of approval, and she seemed to take his sorrows into her own bosom. Then he replies again to her unfeeling answer, in a single, never to be forgotten, line—

“Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems,”

He seems to reflect, almost unintentionally, on her base heart, while he is defending himself. There beamed a look of exultation on the countenance on which I was looking, at his chiding her so gently, yet so well; and as he finished his speech, I observed that she not only seemed to sympathise with his feelings, but to the words,

" But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

her heart seemed to return an echo—then thought I, you too, fair woman, have secret sorrow, " which passeth show," and since such be the case, I resolve to read your heart before you leave this place—and I shall succeed too, if your face continues so to portray and interpret it, as it has up to this time done—for there is a power in the human face of exhibiting expression without the lips giving utterance by sounds and words; this on the stage, is called pantomime, what we should call it off I do not know, but no one can doubt that it exists in real life—why should it not be so? for the capacity of the face, for all expression is accorded to it, and we hear of the nod of assent, the frown of displeasure, the longing glance of coquetry, and the quiet eye of thought. We may go very far into a minute analysis of expression, and we will find that there is a means of expressing the most superficial feelings—this night, I became most thoroughly satisfied of this; for she on whom I gazed with so much pleasure, had a face highly susceptible of expression, and one which then did express—for I consider that all the feelings of the human heart may have an opportunity for their display, in a single play—more especially in a tragedy well-performed, and one like Hamlet especially—and those emotions *that the heart gives assent to, the face will discover to a close and*

habitual observer—then I feel a deep interest in finding out the true emotions of she who has won me almost at a glance.

The king speaks—I had already seen her exhibit distaste at the words and acts of this false-hearted man; therefore, there was but a repetition of the expression during his speech—but he is gone—all are gone, save Hamlet—he soliloquizes :

“ O ! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew ;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.”

She seemed intensely interested, and if we could love an imaginary hero, how truly would we love him—but he is but an actor, and we have to sympathize not with the man's self, the then hero, but with the idea, the emotion developed by the poet.

To all the questions that Hamlet asks, concerning his father's ghost, she looks inquisitively, and as though she entered into all his feelings. I watched her face, as Ophelia gave her warning to her brother, and thought I could perceive from it, that she, too, had given like advice to a brother—for she smiled and looked around, as though to seek him, to confirm her in it, you might discover that her face approved the worldly wisdom of Polonius in his advice to Ophelia, in regard to the love of Hamlet—her feelings, however, were with the trusting Ophelia, and there she was true to woman, and on that account was brighter in my eye. I marked surprise on her countenance, as the ghost entered. I followed the progress of feeling in her soul, as the

play advanced, and noted well the desire she expressed that Hamlet would follow the ghost. She seemed with him to struggle with Horatio and Marcellus, with him to pursue the venturous fate that might await him who should accompany an unreal being,—and at an hour, the most melancholy, dreaded, almost revered by the world, and where he knew not,—yet it was his beloved father's ghost. He did follow, and presently the unearthly being spoke; she leaned forward to catch its every accent—and when Hamlet answers to its doleful complaints,

“Alas! poor ghost,”

she gave instant approval, they were the very words she would have given expression to. All the anxiety that Hamlet expresses, she feels—she enters heart and soul into his feelings, and his language throughout was but what hers would have been.

“Oh, all you hosts of heaven! O earth! what else?
 And shall I couple hell? He! Hold, hold my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yes, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by heaven,
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain;
 My tables, my tables—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark;
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my work;
 It is, 'Adieu, adieu! remember me,'
 I have sworn 't.”

When he pronounced the words, and they are deeply affecting words, too, "Remember thee," tears would pour from her eyes: and they were tears, unlike those of her neighbors; for they could shed them and wipe them away, and all would be sunshine after the shower, but with her, although the shower would be over, clouds of deeper feeling, more impassioned thought, would hang on the heaven of her soul. Artificial life gives rise to artificial feelings, or subdues the deeper feelings, and leaves the heart, like a hurricane leaves a beautiful country, with but few of the remains of its past sweetness, few left even of the susceptibilities,—which if aught are the gifts of divinity, they are,—to deep emotions. Perhaps it were better, and those in artificial life may be happier on account of it, for deep feelings, as well as producing much pleasure to those who possess them, likewise give rise to the most exquisite pain.

He resolves to "wipe away all trivial, fond records"—because the duty he owes to the "poor ghost," is supreme in his mind. How natural! to forget all the pleasures of youth—all that is dear to us, when we are consumed by a single passion, and that the most selfish passion of our nature—revenge.

That the generous-hearted, the unsuspecting Hamlet, should only just now have to find out,

"That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,"

is painful—is humiliating—but it has always been the case, that the nobler the heart, the more infirm it is—the more subject to the blandishments of the wily villain. We pity it, we feel its infirmity, yet it is all the same with our cold, our hearts of hardest steel—our feelings towards the open-hearted, like

those toward the poor, are of pity—we can praise their many virtues, but we cannot give them our more useful aid.

I observed no very remarkable expression again in her face, although she seemed fully imbued with the force with which the play was developed, until Hamlet relates to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

“I have of late, (but wherefore I know not,) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, the brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling, you seem to say so.”

Here are deep, painful feelings that ordinary mortals cannot appreciate,—then the feelings that give expression to the last sentence are peculiar—Hamlet, in assuming madness, does not altogether assume; he really, his present madness aside, is not perfectly sane; there exists incipient madness, for take him when alone, and you will perceive a wandering of the fancy, and a dimness of the intellectual sight, that is the forerunner of insanity. Here, I think, he indicates this visionary propensity; however, nothing is more natural to a man whose mind is *concentrated* on a particular object, or person, as is the case now

than that he should show a want of tenacity on other subjects and passions. In this last speech, Hamlet discovers the profoundest, the most comprehensive mind, and throughout an astuteness that seldom allows a man to be deceived as he was; however, Hamlet had premonitions—he had his thoughts—and hence his constant unhappiness previous to seeing the ghost of his father.

While the lady sat apparently in perfect quiet, I could perceive as Hamlet went through the admirable episode, on Death and Immortality, never to be equalled or surpassed by Addison or any one else; she was impressed with painful thoughts on the deed, sometimes to be resorted to, she then appeared to be elevated above the world, and all feelings of self, at these sublime thoughts, and she would her “quietus make,” but—this is as far as I can read the human heart in the face.

The interview between Hamlet and Ophelia—his madness, and her sorrow and regret; for her,—you may perceive that noble woman to have a ready heart—and she can scarce help repeating after Ophelia:

“Oh, what a noble mind is here o’erthrown!
The courtiers, soldiers, scholars, eye, tongue, sword.”

and as she closes speaking, with the words:

“O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.”

She turns her eyes from the stage, and is cast down in quiet and evidently painful thought. She is vexed that the king does not believe Hamlet mad on account of his love for Ophelia; for she possessed charms enough for any man, whether he be prince, or be he

“The glass of fashion and the mould of form.”

How exquisite is the pure, unselfish friendship which exists in Hamlet's mind, and which he gives words to thus :

" Nay, do not think I flatter ;
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
 To feed and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be flattered.
 No ; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp.
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou has been
 As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks ; and blest are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stops she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,
 As I do thee."

She seems fully impressed with the nobility of his nature, she had seen something of his qualities—but these words confirmed her in the thought that she could love a Hamlet, or, perhaps she was attracted to the abstract virtues without the person of the man ; such I judge to be love—we are won by the excellence of others, though they be Mirabeaus in ugliness—the mind, the soul it is that is beautiful ; for how long can a merely beautiful person retain the affections of a heart that he or she has won ? It is impossible to retain only so long, as beauty does not grow monotonous ; or the moral or intellectual charms of another are kept at a distance.

The play which Hamlet ordered is over—Polonius is gone—the players are gone, and, moreover,

" Now 'tis the very witching time of night
 When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world,"

He is melancholy—it is a painful, damning melancholy, that sits brooding on such noble minds—he no longer doubts,—it may not be that the king has murdered his father—but it is—and the conclusion overwhelms him with a tumult. of feelings—hence he is uncertain what course to pursue—but

“ Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on.”

his mind is full of hot passion, he can scarce contain himself—yet, in an instant, passion is quelled :

“ Soft ! now to my mother—
O heart ! lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none ;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites :
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent !”

with these words, a mysterious effect was produced on her I was watching ; for a spell had come over her ; and her thoughts and her whole motive nature had lapsed into quiet—why ? because these were holy thoughts—thoughts that crushed and silenced passion in an instant.

“ Soft ! now to my mother.”

That we should approach a mother,—one like to whom there is none other—in a peculiar manner, a manner prompted by the same feelings as when children, we ran for protection to her bosom, and as youths we bore with her gentle restraint.

“ O, heart ! lose not thy nature ; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :]
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.”

As he closes his speech, which is the closing of the scene, she drops her head in thought,—and that the littleness of non-

thought and non-feeling which surrounds her, may be shut out ; that she be not subjected to ridicule, while she would gently shed a tear—how natural an occasion for tears—and in a tear is woman nearest the angels—for I think those only who are nearly allied to divinity can shed tears—tears that are distilled from ambrosia, which yields heavenly vigor to the immortals. During the interview between Hamlet and his mother, there presided over the face of this not only fair, but tender woman I was observing, an expression of the most intense interest—and with every action, every word, she displayed feelings that harmonize with the noblest in the human breast. She is quite melted with pure indignation and filled with just reproach, together with Hamlet, she has feelings of bitterness for his mother, and she pities now that he is dead, the foolish rascal Polonius.

The play proceeds—her wrathful, anxious eyes, are again on the stage ; her heart is again with the master spirit of the play—and it is the fourth act—for the superior scene between Hamlet and the Queen, terminating in the death of Polonius is past, though not without appropriate feelings—feelings of the most peculiar character, yet of the greatest naturalness. She, with Hamlet, pursues the thought and is embued with the force of his argument ; and, with him, she comes to the conclusion :

“ O ! from this time forth,

“ My thoughts be bloody, and be nothing worth ! ”

she almost rises from her seat, in the effort to buckle on Hamlet's armor, for the contest of more than body,—of mind and feeling,—she would fain cheer him in the conviction of the *light and justness* of his cause.

"Poor Ophelia!" for Shakspeare knew we would pity the gentle, now mad maiden,—he makes ours, and still more the hearts of the gentler sex, sink into sadness at her mournful tale; methinks, Ophelia's sorrow springs not alone from a father's loss—but she bereaves the loss of mind in a noble and idolized lover—her heart is not only broken, it is crushed. Ophelia could not have done otherwise than go mad; yet I will not philosophize, for philosophy is called cold, no matter how *hot* its adherents may be. But I am wandering in thought, as a man will do, without power to prevent, when a forcible idea strikes him, he forgets the actors in the suggestions of his own mind. But the tear has started to the eye of that noble woman on whom I have been looking, while Ophelia sings her sad song:

"He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
Oh, ho!"

And then the regret, though of madness, of the poor girl; that she could not have parted with—that she could not have grieved for her father. How one is reminded here of friends buried in the sea, to whom we have not said the last word of assurance of our devotion we wished to say, to whom we have been denied the poor observance of the dead. Ah! such things create, for long years, a void in the heart, though we may not, as the gentle Ophelia, go mad.

"White his shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showers."

That woman's heart is affected for "Poor Ophelia." She sobs for the poor girl—aye, perhaps she sobs, too, for memory's sake ; for the heart has sorrows, many a lingering, longing, that we know not of, and which turns it to melancholy—ah ! "poor Ophelia"—she is truly mad.

The tear was wiped away, but soon recalled, for the deeper feeling of chagrin in Laertes, consumed all other feelings—but with the word.

"O, rose of May !

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,"

brought the tear again to weigh down the beautiful relaxing lids, which opening and closing, with motion of feeling to pour out their genial floods, remind me of the opening and closing of some fairy font, charged with sweet waters, and opened and closed by a mysterious, invisible and enchanted hand. Oh ! then to the eager gaze ; and the eye, not yet swept of the tear, the heart not yet gained its equilibrium and repose from previous excitement, how appeared as well to these as to the ear, the melancholy words that told of pleasures past, to return no more.

There's rosemary—that's for remembrance. Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies—that's for thoughts." Were I to hear these few words one thousand times, each time I should have the most painful feelings—the most never-to-be-removed anguish, for the very reason that I have mentioned—recollection ; dear, too painful recollection, that sweeps over the mind, tearing up to view every act, and every vestige of thought, along the waste of life. Oh, heavens ! I am yet in doubt whether it were not better for our happiness to forget—to live entirely in the present, and in the anticipations of the *future*.

My eyes were on the countenance of her I had been the whole evening watching, when the base king sought to work on the feelings of Laertes, to the prejudice of Hamlet; and none but a face capable of the expression of hers, could have painted the bitter scorn and contempt felt for the king, as he proceeds :

“ He, being remiss,
Most generous, and far from all contriving
Will not peruse the foils.”

A nobler character he could not have given him, than in these few lines. She quite forgets that she is not a witness of real life, in exhibiting her indignation at the unfairness of the proposal. She is surprised that the generous Laertes should be ready to condemn his friend, and even toward a deadly enemy act so fiendlike as to use unfairness. It may surprise a gentle and a noble woman, but a man is not often surprised at want of fidelity; and, as for myself, with my no great experience in the world, I could not be made to wonder at treachery, because it is among the more fashionable and unpunishable crimes.

She is evidently surprised; yes, surprised again to hear the queen give so beautiful and so feeling an account of Ophelia's death—indeed, I would not have suspected any such speech from such a woman, and, more especially, just at that time; but we must suppose Shakspeare knew better the suitableness of such a speech to the person, as likewise to the feelings of the audience at the time. It may be true to nature, but, with my experience, I might demur, since common-sense people, as one the queen doubtless was, and all genuinely bad persons are, have not that fancy, that imagination, that feeling we find exhibited in this speech. I observed, that instead of the grave-

scene producing in her the merriment that it did in the fashionables around her—the vulgar of the box as well as the pit—she took it, doubtless, for wit, as it really was; yet, she took it seriously; for Shakspeare intended it for more than the past-time of wags, or the diversion of fools: and, moreover, Hamlet never is witty for the sake of wit—the wit of his character is serious and meditative, the result of mental acumen, more than of gaiety of spirit and brilliancy of fancy. It has the elegance and eloquence of a point. I conceive that there is in this grave scene, the most exquisite display, the finest union, without thorough mingling of wit, of humor, and of pathos, and, taken by itself, it is sufficient to immortalize the poet. Hamlet takes up the skull of Yorich: instantly is recalled his childhood—"He hath borne me on his back a thousand times," and the action of his mind, that gives rise to the melancholy reflection—

"To what base uses may we return, Horatio!"

That woman is imbued, like myself, with the thoughts and feelings of Hamlet; and she seems to gather sadness from each word, and then quietly settles down in melancholy thought, at the words of the queen—

"Sweets to the sweet: farewell."

She thought of the mockery of feeling that might exist, undiscovered and unsolved, in the million who surround us daily with powers and feelings, each different, and their own. She contrasts the queen's words with those of genuine grief from the lips of Laertes—

"O! treble woe

Fall ten times treble on the cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of,"

The scene between Hamlet and Laertes, at the grave of Ophelia, is rather remarkable, though, with her, it seemed to have its full impressiveness. It showed forth in review, and forcibly, the two affections—that of a brother and that of a lover. We have seen Laertes' affection evidenced, and can judge of the degree of power. Now let us look on that of Hamlet—

"I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum."

Then I beheld a degree of surprise, rather, on the face of the fair woman I was observing, so much so that I judged she could never have loved. Her surprise, as also her intense interest, increases as he proceeds—

"Swounds! show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esill? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if you prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us: till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart!"

I could see, by the motion of her features, that she could scarce imagine such extravagant affection. She believed men could love, but not so devotedly, not so madly as to make every sacrifice. She did not believe it; perhaps, because she had not known it. Now she casts an admiring eye on Hamlet as he chides the morbid and wanton affection of Laertes, as his words reflect so painfully on the frailty of that gossamer friendship—

"Hear you sir :

What is the reason that you use me thus ?

I lov'd you ever ! but it is no matter ;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day."

Have I not had the same painful thoughts ? Who that has had that shadowy thing called a friend, and it has been to his interest to desert and betray him, has not felt as he describes.

Now that Hamlet and Laertes are about to try their skill with the foils, I can perceive that yonder woman feels pain lest the king's prophecy concerning Hamlet be true ; and that in his desire for fairness, he should lose sight of prudence. The rapidity of the closing scene scarce affords time for any feelings but those of the most intense excitement. Her eyes and her thoughts fly from one to the other with the more than rapidity of light. She has hardly time for scorn—just meed of villainy ; no time for thought of pity—meet reward to nobility, ere Hamlet the generous, "the soldier and the scholar," is dead—

"Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince ;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest !"

I soon observed the lady to be oppressed with the excitement of the performance. She appeared giddy, and presently rose to leave the scene. She was not inclined to wait for the after-piece, because she did not wish, perhaps, the deep impression removed by the humorous, by the ridiculous ; for like pleasantly painful thoughts, we wish their continuance. But the after-piece is an admirable thought ; for the mind should not be weighed down long with the thoughts and feelings induced by the performance of a deep tragedy.

She was going, and I determined I would take a farewell look, and, at the same time, see whither she went. I left

my place, entered the vestibule, through which she was to pass. She came in, and waited for her companion to seek a coach. How strange the feelings of attraction and repulsion here acting? I was alone with her there, yet unfortunately, unhappily, I knew her not. However, on her coming in, I observed, and that was joy to me, that she noticed my being there, and recognized me as having repeatedly caught her eye, when looking in the most interested manner at the changes her countenance underwent during the play. Immediately she seemed penetrated with the thought, that during the evening I had been watchful of her expression, and, moreover, she suspected that she was the cause of my presenting myself here now, in this chill vestibule. There is a peculiar and inexpressible look of confusion—in some assumed, yet, in others, real and natural; and there is a pleasure as a woman beholds one, and more especially a stranger, admiring her. She is sure to discover to him that it has not passed unnoticed, that she appreciates it, and she assures him by her look that she will strive to remember him, and she will give him a kind and inviting look as she parts. The most virtuous, the most intellectual woman, the most modest, the shrewdest, and the best woman will do it, and she does it because a power prompts her superior to virtue, or intellect, or aught else. It is natural. Therefore, as she passed away, she cast her lingering eye once more on me, as though to bid farewell. I bent slightly, so as not to appear impertinent, while I inclined as much as would satisfy her distinguished compliment, and gratify my own heart. It was folly to think of following the coach—if it had not been I should most assuredly have done so. I had done all I could—gazed at her till she had gotten into the vehicle; and, I thought

in my desiring, foolish heart, that I received a last look of kindness and remembrance. My eyes followed the coach out of sight, then my ears pursued the sound of the wheels out of hearing.

Coming to think seriously and calmly of it, sitting over my chamber fire, I fear it is an angel's visit, never to be repeated ; but strange that an angel should visit such a creature, so unlike her fellow divinities as myself. No ! it was only a pleasant and tantalizing dream ; yet, dream as it was, this being of it left an impression on my mind, deeper than ever did real being. Ah, it will serve my wandering and visionary nature long to dwell on, in pleasant and in lonely hours. Who can tell how many happy twilights are to be devoted to this night's dreamy scenes. To-night not one wink will I sleep, till the very shadow of my 'present thoughts shall pass away—till the monotony of worldly thoughts and feelings shall rock me in its tiresome cradle, and then turn me to be hushed in repose.

Were it not better that I rise from my pen, and hie me to some distant wood, or to the lonely and haunted graveyard there to occupy myself in thought. My chamber affords it not ; yet the mind should not make thought too much its sustenance. Then to my couch, and thought there—sweet thought of thee, fair one.

It is past four o'clock, and yet I am still up, recalling my thoughts and feelings.

“ The voice of my departed hours,”

is stilled, and forgotten ; but one more thought, and then to bed.

Men have fallen in love without knowing the reason of it. *Now, I have it before me—just as evident as the light of day.*

Accustomed to analyse my feelings, and bring to full sunlight review my motives, on all occasions, those I have had this night, I have mastered and unfolded as does the antiquarian the charred scrolls of that city, buried eighteen hundred years ago beneath the lava of Vesuvius ; and I find my feelings, perhaps, too much like the scroll.

My spirit, good night ! for my body, wearied with the day's occupations, my mind with the night's excitement, will soon be lulled to sleep, and my soul keeping watch through the wakeful memory in dreams, shall bear the night's sweet maiden to the land of the Houries.

DECEMBER 19th.—The universal emotion, hope, in its nature, and effects, appears to me very queer ; for, observe its influence on different individuals. With some, for instance, it is a mere pleasurable elevating of the spirit, and partakes of the nature of the warm bath to the body ; with others it is violent, it is a hot-bath feeling ; and, with others again, it is a cold bath. Some, from their peculiar nature, indulge it for a short time ; others, again, for a length of time. With the former, it is a sudden concussion ; with the latter, soothing in its effects : and while it takes hold on the man, is so diffused through his nature, as not to consume him entirely. I have always been uncertain as to which sort my emotion belongs. The hot I esteem too potent—the cold too revulsive ; therefore, I have decided that mine must be of another and very different kind—perhaps the vapor-bath order. But, like all else about myself, to myself this is not plainly understood, and it becomes necessary that I go to the moral bagnio physicians for an explication of my hopeful nature ; and when I find it out, I will notch it down here in my “ confessions,” that should I recognize a vari-

ation from the decision of these physicians, I may surmise that all they say tends not to the pale of truth. Physicians are great humbugs ; and they show it sadly when they attempt to explain moral diseases, of which there are the greater number on physical grounds, and still more when they endeavor to render evident that which they do no more comprehend than we, the poor patients about to be experimented on. On the occasion of calling in one of these, if you will observe, they look very wise and thoughtful ; and when comes forth, with a serious air, the result of their great cogitation, and their profoundly hidden ratiocination, the very important word, "CALOMEL!" there must be no wag by, neither one who appreciates the profoundly serious air of folly, of dogmatism, of empiricism, or there will be shrewd and doubting glances and smiles, if there be not a roar set up. But, perhaps physicians are not greater humbugs than men engaged in other pursuits. Merchants are great humbugs ; lawyers and priests are acknowledged humbugs ; and what man, when stript of art, is not a humbug ? Therefore, I do not argue against humbugs, because I consider humbugging the ground of success in all trades, professions—in everything.

But hope ! sweet hope ! why it is, I cannot say, but to-day, I have thought more than ever of the pleasure thou hast afforded me ; which is surely of no ordinary kind ; to-day I can freely forgive thy frequent deceptions, the realization of thy promises reflects so brightly, that I can even forget the disappointments thou hast given me, and am willing to be thy idolater even after thou hast caused me much pain ! Who ever deserted thee, oh ! hope ? have not men rather, at times when thou wert *most unkind*, invited thee to return again, and take command of

their souls. Thine is the only shrine at which I ever bent the knee in fervor—thou art the only one from whom I would receive more than one repulse. What a world of idolaters thou hast! and in their constancy through reverses, they remind me of the fond wife who clings to her drunken husband, through all his unkindness; who is still looking forward to the time when he may become sober, and reward with an heavenly kindness her madly sacrificing devotion.

Many, Hope, are the votaries of thee I have had the good fortune to meet, and converse with; and how I have admired their devotion—I say it, that up to this time, no such fidelity, no such pure fondness and adherence have I known equal to that paid to thee.

I once asked a little factory boy, whom I met on his way to his home, from the labors of the day, if his wages were sufficient to support and make him happy? The little fellow said, "My wages are very little, but I am a very little boy, when I go older I shall receive more and more, and when I become a man I shall make enough to help father and mother; and sister shall not work; and I will get married and live in a great house, and be happy." Said I, to myself, thou art blessed, little boy, for thou hast found a great friend in hope; and I turned to him, and that I might in no degree mar his prospects—though I always doubt the realization of hopes—small though they be even as this little boy's—and said—"You will enjoy all of these, if you are a good and honest boy"—and he left me, saying—"Yes, sir, when I am a man, I will be very happy." Ah! thought I, to myself, you may be very miserable too; though I would not tell you I thought so for the world. Farewell, little fellow.

At another time, I sat on the bench of a little dwarfish shoemaker, while he mended my shoe, and I conversed with him concerning his trade—"I do a good business," said he, "but what a hateful life is a shoemaker's? always confined to his bench—a slave to every creature who wants his worn out soul mended." I said to myself, thou art a wit, and can laugh, or make others do so, if you are not pleased with your vocation: then, said I to him, "can you find no other occupation, more suitable to your taste and feelings." "Yes," said he, "I had thought I would remain at my trade and study and become like some of my brother cordwainers, a great man." Said I, "have you a desire to become great?" "I shall be more than I am now, sir, if I am only a magistrate—it is true, I can wish but hardly hope to be a scholar or a statesman. Your shoe is done, sir, and you are going to be great sir, are you not?" I replied, "No, sensible shoemaker, I never expect to be great; I used to indulge such hopes when a boy." "Why," said he, "you have a better chance for becoming great than I, and I am certainly going to be so if I can." Said I, "Of late, I have been disappointed, and disappointment alters very much a man's mind as regards hopes and expectations—but do not let anything or the kind cast you down—it is a frailty with me; my misfortune it is to despair—but I see, and gladly, too, that it is not so with you. You have succeeded as a shoemaker, and, perhaps, your efforts may avail in any calling; though chance, as it is called, and change may for a time depress you. Because I fail, it is no reason that you should." "No," said he, "I have made up my mind to succeed." "Then," said I, "you will succeed, for a man may do anything he firmly and decidedly resolves to do." *Said I, to myself, as I stepped from his door, good bye! shoe-*

maker ; I envy you for you are unlike myself—you are made happy by the anticipation of that which you may never realize—and happiness is the end of life.

On another occasion, I called a boy to me, whom I observed smiling very joyously as he passed by a large trading establishment—I said to him, “ little fellow, will you not tell me what you are smiling at ? ” “ Ah ! ” said he, “ I cannot tell you.” Said I, “ I do not ask you through idle curiosity ; I am a strange man, and like, if persons are not positively averse to it, to participate in their joys or their sorrows ; now tell me, and I will be your friend.” “ But said he, you will tell somebody.” “ I will not,” said I, “ do you imagine me so mean as to betray you, when it can do me no good, and it would be a pleasure to have and keep his secret ” “ You must excuse my speaking so,” said he, “ for you are a stranger and might mistake me—but I will tell you ; but I do hate to tell though.” “ Do not fear,” said I, “ I can feel with you, and perhaps advise you.” “ Then,” said he, “ I was thinking that one of these days that large house, filled with rich goods, might possibly be mine, or if not that, some other one like it—was not that a strange thought, sir, for a little poor boy like myself—for I am poor.” “ How,” said I, “ do you think it may become yours—I do think it may myself.” “ Well,” said he, “ I run errands, and do such little duties in a store, though not so large as this ; and I have been often told, by my master, that little store boys frequently, when they get to be men and are industrious, and make money, may come to own such a store.” “ I will not tell your secret,” said I, “ and if you do right you will doubtless have what you wish when you become a man. Good-bye ! I will see and talk with you again, little fellow.” We parted, and I said to myself, fare-

well happy little heart! joy will attend thee home; and this a conference, perhaps, will make thee lose thy sleep to-night.

Once I stood beside a bed of sickness, there leant a mother over her dying child: I said to the mother, "Is the little thing better?" "Yes," she said, "I think he is much better, he is breathing very softly;" after a time I said, "Do you not think his eye has less fire?" "No," said she, "I thought it exceeding bright;" said I, "his skin feels cold, I think," "No—no," said she, "it is very pleasant; he is much better, dear thing; I wish he would only turn over and look up at his mother." Said I, "he is too faint, for his disease is of long continuance—do you not think his pulse very feeble?" And there was scarce a pulse perceptible—the child now was evidently sleeping out his life softly and sweetly; yet, despite all the convictions of others, the hoping mother thought his pulse good, and with her hand on it all the while, too. I softly left the scene, for I saw how it would presently change—yet saying to myself as I left, thou art yet the most devoted one I have seen, to thy hopes. Would that it were worth thy while, fond mother, to hope against thy child's fate—but thou art exalted, mother, to the highest heaven, for thy fidelity, thy devotion, thy hope.

Again; a husband has gone to sea, and it is time for him to return; the vessel in which he is expected has been lost. I asked his wife if she looked for him? "Soon," she replied, "very soon, he has been gone long enough to have returned." "Then," said I, "do you not fear that some accident may possibly have befallen him?" She said, "No, his business has kept him longer than usual." "But," said I, "you looked for him in the ship that was lost, did you not?" "Yes," said she, "*I somewhat expected him, but he would not have returned in*

an unsafe vessel, as that has been considered." "But," said I, "you are satisfied that intelligence has been received that his name was registered on that vessel's books." "I always," said she, "look to the bright side of things, and think that it must have been a mistake." "Suppose," said I, "you were to see in his own hand writing an account of the shipwreck found in a sealed bottle at sea." Said she, "he had his enemies, and some designing persons may have written this and put it to sea—do you not see how it might have been done." I hope you may early see his return," I said; and, to myself, I said, this constancy to hope borders on madness, still I laud it in you, poor wife!—for though there be no use in it, it will make your days more peaceful and happy than if you thought there existed such a misfortune as his loss—such a painful thing to think of as his sleeping in the far-distant waters.

Not a great while ago, I visited a young man, a friend of mine, if there be such a thing as a friend, and he complained of being unwell; and I saw that he had been, though at the time was not sick, very sick at heart. He was a man who had devoted all his time to books, one of those men, unfortunately—since his taste was literary—and many times more so, because he possessed and evolved his thoughts in verse. He was a man whose manners and information were not adapted to society, neither did society suit him, because his time had been devoted to study, and lately he had been occupied in composing; and although his former writings had met with no decided success, he was now on the eve of publishing a poem. I asked him what his hopes were of success? for I spoke to him freely. "Well," said he, "that which I have hitherto written was unsuited to the taste of the public; they were but obscure writ-

tings—they were too much like metaphysical disquisitions to succeed.” “And,” said I, “how does this differ from the rest?” “In having been written with a light spirit, and in an airy style,” said he. Said I, “my friend you can write nothing in that spirit; your best writings are, or should be, all of a grave and serious cast, yet intermingled with much imagination. I should have thought if anything with you was a cause of ill success, it was the peculiarity of the language of your expression; for a man must write in the cant style of the day, or the world will think his works needing translation.” “Yes,” said he, “I think this a great fault with me, but I think I have found out a means of remedying this style of writing.” Said I, “I suppose by writing in the affected style of the present day; then your work may live a time, and have, too, a reputation. Now, in your ideas, you are before the century you live in, and must necessarily look to the next, or the next, for an appreciation of your works. You must bear this, although it may be painful to think that one will not live to see one’s self great, when they are to be so. Sigh not my friend, it is unfortunately the fate of many—and the greatest.” “I hope yet,” said he, “to meet with success in my future productions, and I shall, provided I write them of this character,” “You will, my friend,” said I, “be mistaken, if you imagine this work is to meet with a more decided and positive success than your others.” “Well I do,” said he. “There is a class of men,” said I, “time-serving men, who will admire your work, because it is their custom to admire everything that comes out, not in opposition to the mannerism of the day, their admiration neither you nor I, or any man, should desire—you, my friend, must not, I *assure you*, look for your reward during your lifetime.” “But

that is hard," said he ; " Still," said I, " it is unfortunately not to be gotten over." " I cannot agree with you," said he, " I have desponded till now, when I am to realize a portion of just fame. You differ with me, I see." " No," said I, " hope on, my opinion is not necessarily correct." We talked a while longer, and I turned to leave, saying, " Good day, my friend, we will meet again soon and discuss the matter." I could not help saying to myself, as I left his room, poor wretch ! you are hoping against everything—this work will not realize the expenditure of the publication—and it will, if he be not angel, ruin the hopes of the author. Farewell ! a long farewell ! to such a spirit—pity ! oh, pity ! should it be cast down forever.

I commenced in a cheerful mood, and have come to dwell with sadness on the brightest, gladdest affection of the human mind. Now, such are the mysterious workings of that half demon, half angel—hope ; and I am hoping, too, though in my moments of sober thinking, I see that I am to become a victim to this same delusion. Well ! I can meet any fate that my fellow-men can ; and when hope shall show me her true face, and that face be untoward, and proven so, a grave shall open and receive me. No ! When that shall be disclosed, I will not trouble busy men for a grave. I will give myself to the ocean, because he is a monarch, and mine is a royal soul, and I will rest in the hollow of the billow, as on my mother's bosom. Perhaps I may be changed by mysterious nature into a sea-terror, or sea-divinity ; or, maybe, I may wake from my sleep in after ages, to the music of Triton's shell, and look upon a world my fancy and my dreams have pictured too brightly for time and an earthly fate.

DECEMBER 23rd.—Byron has written some stanzas on the road

from Florence to Pisa, a single line of which would bring over the heart of any man, in any condition, and of almost any age, the deepest feeling of melancholy and chagrin. The man may be virtuous, the most virtuous; he may be of moderate virtue, or he may be distinguished in the paths of vice, still that line will give him inexpressible pain. In taking up Byron, I always strive to avoid it, but my riband will always be there. I took it up to-day, and opened at this very place of all others I wished not to see: immediately my eyes fell on the lines, and I could not avoid running over them—my heart sickened, and I cast aside the book. There is so mysterious an influence about this, strange as it may appear, that I could take up no book during the day, that could afford interest enough for perusal. None had the power to distract my attention from this sweetest, saddest, most agonizing stanza.

It is said that the greatest piece of language ever made use of was, "Let there be light, and there was light." This is great from the vastness of the thought: that line of Byron is great from the length and the breadth and the depth of the feeling. It takes in all men. It swallows up, or it blots out every other feeling of the human soul, and in one instant.

The stanza runs thus, and the second line is the one I consider powerful; but together, perhaps their force is increased:

" Oh talk not to me of a name great in story ;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

" What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled ?
'Tis but a dead flower with May dew besprinkled ?
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary !
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?"

So great an effect have these lines upon me, that with just writing them, I am almost inclined to lay aside my pen, and yield myself up to thought. Thinking of past pleasures never to return spell-binds us, it unfits us for the time for the pursuit of any duty; in fact, we can do nothing more than engage in melancholy, wistful contemplation of self—and the transitoriness of all the joys under the sun.

It is a rainy, dull, heavy evening; one too well suited to the indulgence of gloomy feelings—and, moreover, I have been repeating these lines to a man who, though rough in his outward appearance, has a gem of a heart within his bosom, and when I had finished the recital, he said to me, “I never think of this long without crying; although I am not old, only thirty-five, I feel that I am not the man that I was when a youth; I have a quick pain sometimes in my limbs—I did not have it when young; I reflect on this approaching infirmity; I think of gone pleasures with great sorrow, real agony. I feel mortified that I did not appreciate, as I should have done, my then means of happiness, that I did not know when I should become older I would have ills, and many pleasures then would be cut off to me now. It will not do to talk about these things, I do not like to think about them, though sometimes they come over me on a winter’s night, as I am sitting over my fire. I think I wrong my wife and little children to indulge in such thoughts, so I quit them and play with my little ones. Let us talk no more of them, I have to travel home this evening, I do not wish to go with bad feelings, because they will hold to me all the way.” So it is with the next man you meet, and the next, and the next—all, without exception, regret, not so much an ill-spent youth, as one given to trifles—when real pleasure is not esteemed such.

I have heard a few men say, that they would not care to go back to youth and pass through life again—I would be as loath as any man to do it, yet I should not hesitate, were it possible.

Men wish themselves ten or twenty years younger, and when arrived at the greatest age, and although the last ten years were almost of joyless decrepitude, still they are willing to go over the period again; for they might have done self-applauding acts—they see now, but did not then; they see now that there were many sources of enjoyment—there are many trifles with which they might have sweetened that period of life.

The day closes, and twilight wears a pall of fog and rain—then will I give up my pen for thought, and let melancholy feelings fall on my heart as a shadow on the sun; and in those feelings, let the heart be enveloped as was that bright star last night, that sought in vain to peer through the mist, to meet my accustomed glance. It is a revenge I like at times to inflict on my wanton heart, the making that melancholy long and heavy, so that in giving it pain it may become wiser.

DECEMBER 27th.—How changed is my tone to what it was not a great while ago, and I speak it truly, I had rather possess the true love of one woman, than have gained the celebrity of Virgil or Homer—won the renown of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon—what are all their laurels to them dead? Why they might as well be buried with them. After all, tell me, what is fame? devotion paid to a shadow called a name. And what is love? the whole world of devotional feelings centered in a single object—then what were it not worth to possess it? who would not prefer it to fame, which is all but for the gaze and wrangle of the world; while love is for twin-born hearts *alone*. Yet we strive for fame and not for love: mark the

young sculptor who consumes his life in chiseling a monument to this phantom—a name; and although finding that his labors are spending his constitution, and consumption bearing him to the grave, he is unwilling to listen to the advice of physician or friend, for, says he, “I prefer to fall a victim at its base, provided I fall a conqueror there.” And pray, who cares for him? for whom did he compose this masterpiece? One year, and he is forgotten amid the claims of living and rising men—and where now is that work which cost so much thought in the conceiving, so much toil in the execution: it stands in the pleasure-garden of some imbecile millionaire,—and no old sculptor can visit it to kiss the cold marble touched by the hand of genius—no young one can gaze on it for emulation. What a painful, melancholy reward for so much study—for so many trials. Let me suppose he had devoted his life to love—if not the love of woman, the love of mankind: he would have had a life filled with the gratitude of man—and more—he would have gone honored to the grave, and perhaps, too, he might have indulged his idle, vain wish, of going down to future times. Suppose he had given his love through a life-time to a single object, as woman; were it not better than throw it away on an indifferent and heartless world. O! how will I bless the hour when fond woman shall seek to sweeten the bitter cups of my life—shall smooth the path to the grave; and then, these past—follow, with me, an immortal traverse of stars, and stars beyond our little systems of planets, till rising higher and higher, we shall together place love immortal in the eternal diadem, from whence it came, and there be twin gems, whose brightness will form a halo of ever-enduring lustre and passing excellence around the head of divinity.

Then, O! what is fame, compared with love—less than a shadow, a very shadow's shadow—a very phantom's phantom? it is like wealth that rides in its golden chariot to the grave—like pride, that swells itself into magnitude, which yet a nutshell could contain—like vice, that panders to any passion, that riots in the soul, and corrupts it in its fair tabernacle. O! fame—fame! thou schoolboy's tale—mayhap thou suitest the dalliance of youth, but thou surely deceivest the promises of manhood and thou mockest too meanly at old age. How different is love? it is the soul of the listless play of boyhood;—it is the happy morning gush of youth, the joy and gusto of middle age, the all of declining effort in old age; love asks nothing—exacts nothing—is not time-serving. But fame, that is highwaying during the day—that is the ruffian who starts upon every and any hour of the night. O! fame that leads us from the straight way of right to the torturous course of wrong, and then visits like a demon the death-bed, to picture to the mind the dark and damning actions that have seated us on the pinnacle of place. Love, that likes the light of day, nor fears the dark of night; that hates the wrong because it loves the right—love that renders still more soft the pillow of down—that brings to our last moments good, and only good deeds—for there are none others in her course—that terrifies not the soul, but yields it up its bounty of joy and hope, and parts the mortal and the immortal with a smile on the face * * * * *

So we must conclude that love neither cheats us with promises nor derides us with hideous acts consequent on ill pursuits. Love was the cause of man's creation, and, therefore, when he is without it, or when he discards it, he exists but a brute—and *well can we judge and decide on a man's nature, if he tells us*

he loves no one, loves nothing—he then is but animal—less than animal, because they all love; and if then he shows himself a brute, we conclude he has no love in that bosom which God gave him to no other end.

JANUARY 3d.—How different, not only are the actions of various individuals, but how much does the same person vary at times? even bordering on fickleness frequently—more especially if he has anything of the individual in his nature. At one time, I had rather spend weeks in my solitary room, surrounded by my books, than be filling a station, the most envied by men. At another time my greatest delight is in mingling with men, observing actions, and peering into their motives, in the divers conditions and stations in the vast moving world. Again, give me the sea, so well suited to, and productive of the quiet, dispassionate thought—the beneficial self-examination—and the peace of mind superior to all possessions. And now I would be in the woods, the virgin woods—where no intrusive foot has startled or trodden down a leaf, or displaced a single old stump left there by decaying nature, to follow a determined period of decay as of vitality. I would, and quite alone, trace to its origin the stream which runs so boldly now—I would know where it ripples, and presently disclose to my anxious search where it stealthily creeps from under the shelving rock. And give me the sight of the mountains that vary as you gaze on them through every hour of the day—to those poor sea-attached beings, who have never seen the mountains, how surprising, how wonderful are these cloud-like formations.

Rise, and betimes in the morning and gaining the height of the

mountain, look down, lowlander on our upland sea. You may behold the cloud-mists sparkling in the morning sun, the whole valley a foaming sea; wait a little and you may eye the thin envelope of moisture that hangs on every mountain far and near, gradually lifted from them into the upper air; you may see the mountains again at evening, go through the converse envelopment; as the monarch of the skies opens and closes the day by the mysterious influence of his light and heat—this process reminds me of that of the sculptor, who, careful of his precious creation in the yet soft clay, wraps his cloths about it to preserve and protect it when he is absent; his opening and unwrapping it each day to see that it is safe, to re-touch and improve it, and to see that it is what he desired—that it is approaching his ideal, and that each day tends more and more to perfect it.

I am alone with my horse and dog; and I am on one of my mad jaunts through the mountain region—a strange day it has been in a meteorological view—and now the clouds are of that singular union of blue, gray, and yellow, which characterizes a storm not far distant—a storm of snow. Clouds are very intelligent inanimates,—but I consider snow-clouds the most fastidious, patience-trying things in the world—for when you have the wind at the right point, the atmosphere, the exact temperature, and these very aforesaid clouds direct to the point, and you are looking every moment for the snow—cast your eye to the heavens, and you will behold a palpable flirtation has taken place, and your sworn snow-clouds are sailing off in the distant sky.

Enough of clouds! and tell me, oh my soul! what makes nature so much like she was in a dread suspense previous to a snow-

storm?—the trees, the poor, least of all informed, or instinctive stones, now indicate a lonely quietude. Why are the birds no longer on the wing? they congregate, they cluster together to resolve, and counsel with themselves should this storm be long and severe, what action should be most advisable. Poor things!—whose lives are the sport of your little men, and your vagabonds,—fear you now more than ever, as the old birds look serious, and give their experience in council. Well may you get close together, as the timid children huddle closer and closer round the winter fire, and look about you as they do, and hearken suspiciously to the wind through the door, while the nurse relates some terrible ghost story, at which she herself looks frightened. Poor things! inhabitants of a besieged town! with famine in your midst.

But my dog, how sensible he is, he watches the clouds as though he were one of those assiduous German Meteorologists, whose duty it is to note the slightest changes occurring in the appearance of the heavens, or in the atmosphere; only his countenance betrays the same feelings of suspense and doubt, which betokens no good.

And my horse, too,—watch him!—his eyes accustomed to look only on objects immediately before him, now stretches his vision to the utmost, that he may read the tale, which all nature writes of what is coming; and then compares his observations with his feelings—for the feelings of all animals, aye, of all beings, singularly indicate differences in temperature, more especially do they the approach of a storm of rain or snow. My horse neighs—a means of inquiry between animals separated at short distances—he pricks his ears that he may catch the sound which brings the returning answer.

The storm, I saw, must come; I never seek to avert that which it is natural for us to suppose impossible to avoid. I am not so full of that folly of some of my fellow-beings, of striving against perfect impossibilities; therefore, I resolve to meet that which is inevitable in a becoming manner; I never fight wind-mills, it is above my natural courage: and, I have the prudence, rash as I am, of making the best that can be made of what is decidedly bad; therefore, when the clouds were fast wasting snow, I halted, surveyed the field of action, and determined in my mind the best course—and pursued it.

So on I travelled for some time, snowing as it was, and it snows in the mountains in earnest, for it seems to snow there as though it had a right. After not a great deal of onward pushing, the path was quite lost to me, and I was following up, the tracks apparently cleared of rocks and detritus; or urging my horse up the less stony valleys. And, as I checked him in winding round a huge mass of rock, it struck me that night could not be a great way off, while I was a good distance from a regular path, and by no means in sight of an hospitable inn. * So plodded myself and my two boon companions; and we were cheerful, for I would smile at difficulties, which seemed purposely placed in our way—for I smile often at my misfortunes—thoughtless men will do it, and I believe I should laugh death itself in the face—it is my misfortune to be amused at the silent solemnity, and the grotesque faces of funerals. As I smiled my dog caught it, looked gladdened, wagged his tail and ran on ahead; my horse could perceive a degree of joy and hope in the dog's face, and knew it was the reflection from mine, and he quickened his pace.

The snow was beginning to lay, and falling so fast that I could *not see either the trees or the rocks along the way.* However,

I pushed on, for I was mindful of the night's approach. When I suddenly came against an overturned stage, and soon my horse was bearing me in among fallen animals.

I was more confounded than surprised at being ushered into such a scene. One horse was down and hurt, and the other was borne almost to the ground by his weight, that of the coach and the binding of the traces. They were irritated and restless, tired as they were.

The driver stood off to the right, wrapt in wonderment, he was one of those poor souls who are at a loss what to do in such a case. I hailed him that he might inform me of his accident. After my awakening him from his spell, he said that he had been unfortunate enough to break the axle of his coach, which it were impossible then and there to repair. I told him I thought the situation of things required very energetic movements on his part, as night was near at hand, I endeavored to impress on him the necessity of loosing his horses; and while he did so, I rode up to peep into the coach to see if any one was there. I discovered two passengers, who seemed to conceive it too disagreeable even to leave such a singular place. However, the coach was not entirely upset, but laid against a large mass of rock.

I was then called away for a time, by the struggles of one of the horses to free himself off from the shackling trace; and while I aided the driver, I inquired of him how many passengers he had, and how far it was to the nearest house. After raising the horse to his feet, he replied that he had two passengers, a lady and a gentleman, and that it was from three to four miles over the mountain to the next house.

I again passed to the coach to tell those within that the

vehicle could not be removed from its position with our force, and without instruments; that night was not far off, and there was an inn some few miles distant; that the driver was loosing the horses, and one was injured; that if the lady would ride on my horse with me, the gentleman on one of the coach horses, and the driver on another, while leading the one lamed by the fall, we could make some progress before nightfall.

There was a similarity in our situations at the time; and, under such circumstances, there is very soon a fellow-feeling engendered, if it be not original; and I doubt whether it is. I was rather glad to see them, and so were they to behold me. The feelings of both were good, only a little selfish; however, all of our feelings show that we are the children of a ~~real~~ mortality, and all we do and think has a motive and an end.

While I spoke with the passengers, my horse stood sympathizing with the other animals. Like myself, he was forming a companionship in an extremity. And my dog was making the acquaintance of the huge half-breed dog of the driver. There were three distinct groups for a painter. And each individual of a party, for once, in the world, was imbued with exactly the same feelings.

The driver had freed his horses, and there was no time for parley, and scarce any for thought, since night was rapidly stealing on us. The baggage must be left for the morrow, as there was no means of transferring it. The gentleman complained of the scheme for travelling, as they do on all occasions more than the other sex. The lady resolutely entered into it. It was evidently no common case, therefore it was useless to hesitate. She wrapped her cloak closely around her. I had fixed a blanket on the horse just behind my saddle. With my aid

she quickly leaped into her seat, and arranged it to suit herself.

I saw that all were mounted and ready as I advised. I took my seat in the saddle, and although my horse was tired, he was too courteous to refuse to carry a lady besides myself. The driver led the way, and progressed as fast as his lamed horse would permit. I followed next. And then came the complaining gentleman. The two dogs paced by my side, in their pantomimic expressions of satisfaction and pleasure. Throughout all the changes, I had not thought to inquire what relation the travellers bore to each other? whether the gentleman was father, uncle, or friend only of the lady? for I should judge he was too old and crusty for a lover. But it is me exactly; for I never hesitate to act when those who I think should, are slow in doing their duty. I did not see the face of the lady with whom I was riding; for in the fast-falling snow, and the darkness stealing on, and drawing evening to a close, it was obscured. But I could observe by her gay manner, and her indifference to the peculiar situation in which she was placed, that she was a genuine woman, a true heroine.

As we proceeded, I would inquire of her if she did not feel cold and uncomfortable, but she invariably replied in a pleasant, evasive way. She would laugh at her companion, who complained of every mode of travelling, and stage coaches in particular. She would tell him it was very agreeable; and that, indeed, all things were pleasant, if we would only imagine them so; that the imagination was the seat of all pain, and that it merely required a little determination to make it succumb not only to reason, but to our aggravated sensibilities. She asked him how it was possible for him to appreciate the

comforts and the blessings of home, of quiet, of ease, and of an undisturbed mind, if he had not experienced the reverse ; and by contrast—seeing how really happy and blest he was—she said, that we should have a temperate mind, and be prepared for anything ; and as for herself, she liked an adventure, since the excitement of a few hours was productive of more enjoyment than a lifetime of monotony, immovability, and soberness ; and that she left those unexcitable feelings of her nature to the drooping, jagged, inactivity of old age ; that she appropriated to youth its due share of exertion and energy, lest she might, when old age came on, look back with sorrow on a lifeless and unenjoyed youth. She told me she feared she rendered me uncomfortable. I replied that she was mistaken. I had never felt myself so fortunate ; for fortune had but rarely smiled on me, during my past life, as at this time. That trial, if this little adventure could be so called by any one save the gentleman, gave me pleasure, it so varied the ordinary routine of life ; and under the present circumstances, to me it were more than pleasure.

After much that was pleasant and sometimes amusing had happened, we were safely arrived at the door of a small country house—small, it appeared, even for the number of dwellers there, all of whom stood startled and surprised before us, brushing the snow flakes from their eyes to see if what they saw really was what they saw. The driver jumped from his horse against one of the gazers, and by knocking him down convinced him : the others became satisfied by means less harsh. Two apartments and a servant's room, were all of the house, for the old lady, the two men and a domestic. We had dismounted, *for my companion, far from frozen or out of temper, scarce allow-*

ed me to be down, before she sprang from the saddle, and said she wondered if we adventurers could be accommodated—"if not," said she, "then we will adventure again, for I feel as though we had but just commenced our travel." However, we were invited in, and in their homely way welcomed by the men and the woman. Soon the sturdy mountaineers plied logs to the fire,—we sat where and on what we might. Our horses were stabled, and everything was about to settle down for the evening, when after the relation of the mishap, on the part of the gentleman traveller—the two men proposed seeking out the stage, and transporting the baggage to their cabin that night, 'for," said they, "to-morrow will make quite a difference, since the snow drifts very much in the valleys and the open places—as the road, and for some days, neither baggage or stage might be found, or being found, the baggage might be injured by a thaw;" at these words the gentleman took fire, and said his baggage must be procured that night. Enough—fresh horses were gotten in a short time, the two men, the driver of the stage and the gentleman himself, despite his aversion to the weather, and his fear of danger were gone, leaving the lady and myself in the room they had left; for I had judged it folly that more than the two men should go.

The servant and her mistress were preparing a supper, and singular to say, the lady who rode with me had been sitting in the corner by the fire the whole time, and not looked round, neither had she removed her cloak, or uncovered her head, therefore I had not seen her face, although I knew she had seen mine. Presently she rose, and with her back to me, removed her cloak and bonnet—she turned round, as I made some remark, and in an instant I beheld in my heroine

the lady I had seen at the theatre sometime before. She had doubtless recognized me, and retained her cloak and bonnet on account of it. Very strange it was, that till that very moment I had not dreamed of that which now appeared to me.

She looking beautiful, her blue, transparent, soft, yet roguish eye—the rich color given to her face by the storm beating into it—and that, contrasting with the purity of the skin, and those flaxen curls—for I am like Titian in preferring the light, to the dark hair in a woman. So naïvely, yet so apparently artfully did those curls lie on either side of the face, that I was again, as at the theatre, enraptured: I thought some spirit must have led me through all these scenes, and had now, under the semblance of this rude cabin, placed me in an enchanted castle. I was almost ready to exclaim: whence art thou, my angel!

We prefaced our conversation by speaking of our recent adventure, and contrasting the desire for excitement, so natural in some, with the reverse in others; and the pleasure induced in the mind by any such revulsions in the feelings, as the monotony of most lives does not admit; gradually and cautiously I introduced the subject of the theatre, when she could not deny that she had seen me there, and more, that she recollected my actions; I told her of the effect she had produced on me; strange it was, for I had never experienced it before, I received the kindest, though the most singular—yet they are the best, invitations to proceed. In my conversation, I mingled incidents of my life that were remarkable, and presently I could get her, sweet woman, to recite some of those in her history. We were soon fairly acquainted, for I had given the curb neither to my tongue or my feelings. She soon perceived I loved her, if she *knew it not before*. I unfolded it to her, in the impulsiveness

of my nature, and in the strength and directness of my language.

She was not cold—she refused not my love,—she was not a coquette, nor possessed any artful feeling—she sighed, I read its language with joy, and was silent for a time.

We talked together in this manner till those who had gone away were returned. The house-wife had spread the traveller's evening meal,—the two lovers, whom I have the vanity to believe should come first, were silent, for when the heart is full we are as mutes. The male traveller consumed the conversation, in resuming his abuse of the various modes of travelling; he spoke so long and so much on the subject that he had almost forgotten to thank the two honest mountaineers, who sat opposite him, and who had done him excellent service. I will not forget the house-wife—all town house-wives are alike, but in the country it is different—though plain in language, as in dress and manners, yet she is shrewd and sensible—she thinks a deal of the wants of others, and every house-wife there, is a character.

Supper over—storm and adventure conned to perfection—as well as to the satisfaction of all—the house-wife conducts the lady to her chamber, and we men lie down and sleep where we may about the room. There is a roaring fire on the hearth, and every inducement to slumber. But, with me, was little sleep, strange as it might seem, but it only proves that there is an excitement, superior to the effect—that a storm incessantly driving into one's face, violent exertion, and a blazing fire possesses. My thoughts were on her from whom I had just been parted. However, sweet thoughts, as they will, lulled me to sleep before the midnight was very long past.

Night passed away and morning came ; and the thoughtful house-wife was spreading her board again—a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and nature stood forth in bold contrast to the indoor scene. There was a waste and desolation of all the fair land ; it had ceased to snow, though it was cloudy still, the exquisite scene of hill and dale, of mountain peak and gorge, was wrapt in the gloom of whiteness. Singular it is, that a great deal of that color inspires gloom—can it be from association ? or is it derived from the senses ? The trees, late so bare, are frothed and frosted over, and hung with gems more exquisite than those which deck the tiara of a prince ; and they stand out like-buoys gilded in the midday sun. Just in this stage of the storm a weight hangs on the soul—there is a listless nonentity that intoxicates and deadens the free, full action of the intellect ; we feel as though we should hold our breath lest some painful result might take place. How peculiar, yet how different are our feelings during the falling of the beautiful flakes of snow, and the countenance of the storm—and the feelings after it has ceased to snow : the one is a quiet, rapt feeling ; the other a settled gloom. I believe it seriously affects the heart, and produces diseases of that organ as often as other causes.

The house-wife has finished her task ; the guests approach their places at the table. I am accustomed sometimes to be rapt in thought—so I stood looking on the scene till reminded that I, too, should approach, when I turned and beheld as the first individual—of course, my heroine, the same witching creature as at the theatre, and of the past night ; she was the ideal of the poet. I felt thoughtful and gloomy, because I had been running over in my mind the strange incidents and coincidents of my life—my unhappiness on account of my profession—my

wayward spirit, and above all, I had been thinking of this woman. I sought to be lively at the table, but I was quiet and fell to sighing.

The table was cleared, and the gentleman; the two men, with the driver, had again sped to the wreck. I am fond of the excitement of such adventures myself; but I felt no disposition that way just then, when there was another and a greater source of pleasure in my reach. They are gone, and the housewife is urging her more than usual avocations of the day; and two persons sit alone, and in sweet converse—they are not speaking of the progress of letters, of science, or the arts in this age or in that; neither, as one might imagine, are they as the philosophers at the banquet of Plato, holding discourse on love; they are in their actions discoursing that affection—~~pantomime~~ is the true language of love—they may not be speaking of the origin of that passion, nor filling their words with it as they speak; yet was there between them great freedom of thought and speech. And these, at first, strangers gradually became easy in each others company; and then came a familiarity of language, which caused them to know and value each other—and any man who has been in love can appreciate this. Enough; they loved! What language is there for love? It has none, we feel it, we cannot express to others what it essentially is. Methinks it is a sweet illusion of the mind—it is a mysterious journeying of others feelings through our soul, which imparts to it a similarly sympathetic nature with them; and like the sun, which, by shining on our globe, gives to it a property of heat, which is all its own; yet, it is not altogether as the sun, which yields its heat to all the planets of our system, with equal impartiality, but, perhaps, like some imagin-

ary sun, far off in the universe, that is fixed apart, and shines alone for some single favored star, and that star in return mollifies the harsh nature of the other, by a suasive power all its own.

I have said they loved—then they were alone—what a confidence is possessed by lovers when no one is present: the eye no longer wanders; we are no longer shy when with those we love; we depend on our hearts entirely for the utterance of what we feel, and the mind seems to be quite dormant, and to have given all its intelligence to the heart; but unfortunately for us, sometimes it is as Phœbus giving to Phæton the reins of the chariot of the sun. It is singular how well the heart directs us, frequently with as much judgment almost as the ~~research~~ mind itself. But I believe the heart is more correctly ~~educated~~ than the mind, inasmuch as there are not the stumbling-blocks in its way—such as its own peculiar prejudices, and those most pernicious ones imbibed from others. I account for it in this way: the heart is simple in its nature, very simple, when uninfluenced—the mind most complex; the heart recognizes no feelings but those which accord, without doubt, with its nature—there is no stranger being admitted there—in proof of which, we cannot love whomsoever we wish; and the heart must allow some virtue, some superiority to exist in its object before love can take place; the mind, on the other hand, commences imbibing prejudices from its dawning existence; we mix with men, and ere long have their prejudices, and know not when or how we received them. There are some prejudices peculiar to us as men—some peculiar to us in society—in cultivated, in refined, in fashionable society. Oh! *it is impossible to tell*—they cannot be pointed out—the *many*

pitfalls that await the poor intellect. We know only by painful experience—by results. Men frequently fall into these errors, and never dream that they are mental ones; in fact, many of our fellow men embrace these very errors, and esteem them worthy to be the guides of their way—some even deify them. Ah! men too often deify trifles. They imbibe a thing called a notion, and however full of folly it may be, devote their whole and entire souls to it. Away with your wayward mind! Give me the heart, whose acts are all its own—all of truth, hope, fidelity and charity.

JANUARY 10th.—How humiliating it is to our pride and vanity, to feel that we are subject to all the mishaps and disasters of life—to know that we as well as those we think a lower order of mortals, may experience all the infirmities of human nature. Men like to entertain no other thought than that they are possessed of a remarkable and an enduring physical strength, which is always present to them; that they have a mind ever susceptible to impressions, and active and powerful beyond all things; and a moral nature that revolts at all but that which is good. They cherish the hope, and hold the opinion, that they are gods on earth.

When confined down to the sick bed, how men do wonder that with a strength they can only now appreciate, they had not accomplished something of an extraordinary character—something becoming so great a power. One thinks that while well, he should have strangled a lion—fought as Hercules: These are physical phantoms. Then one comes to think why he has not done something for letters or for science, the wonderful truth flashing on his mind, now, that it has all been the result of indolence, the want of a proper appreciation of time.

Ah! how much is time thought of and valued in sickness much more than ever in our lives, but not to a good purpose always. One supposes this illness may result in death. What have I done to insure me a name? what done to deserve the most ordinary tribute of friendship? what ever done to meet ought of kindness and sympathy from my fellow men? Perhaps I have not done anything to call forth their hate; but it is very likely the reason lies in my not having had the industry or the boldness to attempt anything worthy of their approbation. I have done some good deeds, perhaps; but what of that? They are the consequence of my indifference to the petty sum which constituted the charity, or the little effort that accomplished the good deed, or may arise from selfishness—a desire that we may be loved and praised by the objects of our Charity; and, to my mind, it is a mean spirit which makes that gratulation. Self-approbation is a feeling only for men of a low, very low order of humanity.

Again, I have regretted in sickness that I had never studied as I should have done. I had studied sometimes only to pass away time—sometimes I had studied for mere amusement—sometimes to converse—sometimes to cavil and doubt—sometime to test the ignorance of others—sometimes to believe—sometimes I had studied books from the very hate of them. I have always made study pander to my taste and my wishes. I have never studied for the good of others, and the advancement of learning, science, or art; and deeply to be regretted, in all these, I am but the prototype of my fellows; but I should be better, and we will see if sickness will make me so.

I find one great difference between other men and myself in *this matter* of sickness. They say that sickness softens their

hearts, and makes them better men for the future. Alas! I feel that it does not render less indurate my sad heart, but makes it very stone, or rather goes to calm all the affections. I become more passionless at that time perhaps, but not better. Those emotions which I had felt as warm, very warm in my intercourse with my friends, have, as by a spell, in sickness lost their intensity, and as a torrent which has dashed over for a time, a mass of wearing and unsettled rock, and by the falling of that rock into a deep and untraceable bed of sea, been calmed or rolled only at distant intervals with that sea. Such has sickness been to my restless, hoping, troubled heart.

But there is one feeling, which, as it has acquired this calmness, I think has lost none of its depth; and like the ocean again, it is not less deep in calm than in storm. It is the perhaps unfortunate love I possess for that woman of whom I know not even so much as the name. But I shall think of her and love her; yet I must leave her now—

"To suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

There is still a pleasure in feeling the strangeness of one's nature—a pride in the consciousness that we are not as other men, even though our singularity proceed from our unhappiness—our want of consonance with the world, whose feelings are so attuned to every note which may be struck, that we despise it. There is a pleasure, though a painful one in the strange man's sorrow; and mental pleasures there are of a high order for him, although he be inharmonious with the world. The world has made me strange. I was not born so any more than you; for, as a boy, I had all my feelings, just as you yours. As a man, pshaw! I could not have been as you; for,

do you not see our tastes became different as we advanced together into life? and do you not perceive that our circumstances were not alike, and our trials were not the same? Why, how many men worship God alike? I am strange! and you may say so, talk about it, and it may get to my ears; but it will be a length of time penetrating so far into my cranium as to affect my brain. I grow weary with writing, and am very faint—because sick.

JANUARY 16th.—Then, since I am to be an epicurean, and leaving the fair fields of letters, plunge deeply into the mysteries and follies of society, I will not hesitate—I have nothing to make me do so, and if it fail to please, it may serve to teach me; and if it make me not happy, it may make me what is *better* than happy—wise.

I am told by my friends that I should dismiss all simplicity—I should discard my eccentricity, because an elegant man is not without art, neither is he abstracted—he is a finished tactician, *magister artium*, complaisant and self-possessed. What extravagant folly? I have now to study for a new existence; but I fear the mantle of Chesterfield was never destined to fall on me. I have not said that I wished it; for, God forbid I should be the studied sycophant and the dressed fool. The pampered dog that reclines on Eastern down, and treads on Brussels tuft, sniffs the soft Araby of conservatories, and feeds on dainty hearts of peacocks.

Preserve me, O! my good genius, from the perfumed glove, the powdered face, and the oiled locks: and I may wander among these dangerous rocks, therefore my good sense be always present to me; and should I hang a quizzing-glass about *my neck*, tell me how supercilious and imbecile it looks.

Should I endeavor to appear dignified, without personal ease or grace, and wanting the learning or mental acumen to bear me out, O! my soul! persuade me to go into the retirement of a cloister; shut out the fierce winds, that they may not visit me too harshly or bring to ~~my~~ ears from other's mouths the painful information that I am a consummate dolt. And it is the fashion now-a-days to converse, though little save in a wanton way, and on trifling subjects. Let me then express myself neither too slowly, lest my mind may be thought prim; or too rapidly, lest I be thought giddy; or too concisely, lest I be obscure; or too diffusely, lest I tire. Let me not be affected in my ideas, neither so in my language; for the former indicates folly—the latter a mean education. Let me speak plainly, directly, and that which is true, or may have come under my observation, or that which I may have judged good in thought.

There are many rocks on which I may heedless run, and be split from a deficient knowledge of the shores; there are others against which I may by others be cast, or, if not cast very much troubled and endangered. On entering society, a man is met and welcomed by men called "good fellows," who take you by the hand and lead you away to the drinking-room. If you give way to these men, you will, before long, become their "boon companion." You will be spoken of at the same moment in which they are, and get no large amount of credit from the world on account of their acquaintance. My good sense! do me the favor to let them pass; for they have a destiny which I do not desire as mine. There is another kind of man, who will assail you: he that makes one of a riotous company; he tells tales that are styled humorous, instead of blackguard; he does disgraceful acts, and calls you his "dear

friend ;" he can and will pass, for no man shall keep his company who is not a like spirit with him ; he is a person who becomes intoxicated at polite entertainments, and disgraces his relations, connections, and friends, by exhibiting oftentimes his real disposition and propensities. Then, there is a class, fortunately small in number, which might be styled "puppies." I believe in the world they have that name. They go about to see whom they may speak against, or silently injure ; and never allow a man to inflict on them the meed of their gratuitous actions.

Now for the other sex—and I will speak only kindly of them—of which there are as many shades as there are of the primitive colors—perhaps more. Well, there is the lady who will attack you by her buxom charms ; then she who entices your eyes by her fine form, beautiful neck, chaste bust, and passionate drooping of the eye, and by the softness of her features. She languishes in the lounge, and looks love through her rainbow lids, and characters it forth in her passion-expressing eyes. There is the fierce woman, with the dark eye, who, in her levity and tartness charms you as sparkling champagne. She yields you the double-entendre—the bon-mot ; she is the soul of wit, and has irony of a sort, in abundance. Then there is the intellectual woman, all of whose sentences have a point ; she is feeling, imaginative, sarcastic, abstracted, all in a moment ; she will love sooner than either of the others, and forget as soon ; she is a strange union of the impulsive and the meditative—the mild and the ferocious. She of the lounge, would consume you with the soft look which seems to say, that she lives but for you ; and while gazing *intently into your face*, is mutually giving and receiving the

most perfect feeling of passion—it is electricity—she magnetizes. The other, inasmuch as her portion is wit and common sense, feels not, neither thinks of love, but as remotely following the exhibition of her powers, therefore she would tantalize you, and make you uncertain of her affection. In reality, she cannot feel as the other, because her power resides elsewhere than in her heart. The intellectual woman would love you, and in her looks of love fix a firm, anxious, and thoughtful gaze on you, which would, in many cases, lead you to think, rather than love—not that the intellectual women do not perfectly love, but they do not love with the same steady violence of the first. The reason that the first would love most devotedly is to be sought for in her nature. Love is alone given her; therefore, it is her whole life, whole soul. She has not wit—she has not that great intellectual power; but the whole force of her nature resides in love—her daily life throws all into the affections, and, therefore, when she gives her whole force to an object, it comes on it as a torrent, and breaks down all the barriers in its way. I would be loved by such a woman. I would not have a wit for a wife, for a witty woman has no heart, and thinks only of her power to shine with men; neither should I desire a rival, as an intellectual woman would be, for a wife.

Well, this is almost enough of it. I have been speaking of men and women, and have, of course, given the latter my preference. I was, likewise, speaking of the stumbling-blocks in one's way in society; and one of the greatest is the means of procuring the approbation and the praise, if you esteem and wish either, equally from all. It is impossible to do so, for if one praises another abuses you; and ladies—and they are not to

blame for it—respect only those who notice them and pay them foolish attention ; and they dislike fervently those who do not, but pay attention to others. Be partial in your regards, and all the women in the community are against you, and will slander you in such a way as would be disgraceful for any but their stupid maids to hear.

In this grand place, society, you must falsify, you must stoop, you must give attention to those you do not like, those who do not like you ; you must yield up your feelings, renounce all honor and truth, and be a slave and a sycophant to every fool who has wealth, or power, or influence ; you must converse with every woman at an entertainment, and “ make yourself the agreeable ” to every fashionable, giddy, foolish, vain woman, because she is a ruler of the *ton*, and gives such pleasant soirees. None of it, by heavens ! none of it ! I will go into society, and I shall pay attention to those only to whom it may be agreeable to me. If not invited everywhere, it is no matter ; for the more time will I then have for my pleasures elsewhere. I shall endeavor to be pleasant and agreeable ; but cannot promise that which it is unlikely I shall perform. I must be sometimes a little strange, or I will forget what I once was. I will be the gentleman, not the courtier ; because I think it comports more with the nobleness and dignity of our nature to be the simple gentleman, with a heart unvarnished as well as untainted—to be polite, not fawning or crouching—affable, not possessed—free in conversation, but not loquacious, as coxcombs are : be informed on subjects not learned, for persons in society have a horror of learned persons—they call them sometimes “ bores,” sometimes “ blue stockings : ” be decided in opinions I entertain, not obstinate.

Always yield the argument to a boorish man through regard for company, not his excellence. Never be familiar with the ladies, for if they do not perceive it the company does ; and you know that it is wrong, and that you will lose all your esteem for their prudence, and shall, yourself, perhaps, after a time lack modesty.

And last of all, O! my good genius! allow me not to spend too much time in society, but win me back to my former studies ; for there exists within me a secret yearning after them now, since there is to the man who has once devoted himself to literature, no pleasure without it, or beyond its pursuit. And I judge, too, that if society does not very soon yield me excitement, more energetic employment, I may be found again in my study with my books. Since I have given up my books, I have been employed in modelling the human face, or rather, the angel face which is now far away, but the features and the expression of which I would recall. It is very natural that I should be so engaged ; and I think it looks very like a return to my former pursuits. Then I am becoming a sculptor, for something to employ a mind that has, till now, never been inactive.

JANUARY 20th.—Well, society really begins to exhibit charms for me. I find it is not altogether a dreary mannerism, and it has not always its suits of folly and hypocrisy on. At times may there not be a semblance of better things ? I begin to think so, since I have met here again with the dear woman, to whom I had sometime ago quite devoted my heart.

I stood in an assemblage of persons the other evening, at an entertainment, and was holding converse with a pleasing and intelligent lady, when, in the midst of a conversation of

interest to both of us, to my great agitation, the last person in the world I had expected to see, was entering the room. Fortunately for me there was a crowd ; still more fortunately, the lady with whom I was conversing, was attracted another way just at the instant of time. My fair friend seemed to be known, and was welcomed by all near me ; and presently observed me : and ah ! with a blush it was she spoke to me. I bent very low, as much to disguise and suppress agitation, as to show I felt the compliment from such a woman.

It was not long before I left the place I was standing ; for I did not desire immediately to enter into conversation with her. I had been into the hall, and gained a calm and dispassionate feeling, when I again passed into the room. The lady stood on one side of the piano, and quite out of view, on account of the door. She was conversing with a female friend when I came up and addressed her, inquiring what cause could have given me such pleasure as seeing her now ? On my entering into conversation, her companion left, and we were alone. Yes, alone, in this large number of persons. She said she had come to the place, to gratify her father, and to mingle in society ; but that she had few feelings in unison with persons in society, that that state only possessed enjoyment in which she felt no restraint, and where no idly-conceived rules were to be infringed. I told her that she had evidently been in much society ; but she said, it was not of the general, indiscriminate character of balls and large entertainments. " There was a society," and she judged it superior to this, or any other she could imagine, " in which only persons are admitted who need none of the appendages of wealth, but who, at the same time, may have them, *to make them worthy and excellent members—whose members*

are devoted to a cultivation of the moral feelings and mental powers, and among whom, more than any other body, you may find warm, and even devoted attachments, genuine dignity and grace, true politeness, refined manners, minds of an early and general culture, with all that pertains to usefulness and elegance—all that are esteemed accomplishments, and in many depth, astuteness, and penetration. Perhaps you may find among them persons, not only of polite education, but of highly-cultivated minds—of truly poetic temperaments; but never assuming more than is due to their qualities or capacities.” I told her I thought she spoke of a society that could exist only in her ideal world, and that she only desired such a thing might be. She told me that I had learned very little of her, on the two former occasions I had seen her. At the theatre, she had felt great depression of spirits, and perhaps she had not fancied those who surrounded her, who were a rather simple than worthy or elegant people. Again, I had seen her, quite under the influence of excitement, in that famous snow storm; that she was very enthusiastic, and, indeed, fond of a wild adventure; and, perhaps she would, on such an occasion, have never heeded any one, or regarded anything, but been borne away by impulse—that she loved the mountains, and more than at any other time, when clad in snow. She said she was a fearless rider, and spoke of her horsemanship with all the ardor of the famous horse-poet, Alfieri, who never rode Pegasus half so much as his other horses, or loved him more. Yes, she told me I had known very little of her up to this time—that she could please in this society if she thought proper; but so small was the number of objects worthy of one’s wasting a thought or a word on, more especially at a place where every one has

come "to see and be seen"—where conversation runs on nothing—the importance of which the whole room seems to feel. I told her that for my own part, there existed in myself very little sympathy for these creatures, but I had lately been disappointed and chagrined, and by the advice of my friends, I now resorted to society; I had done so only to allay deep and moving feeling—part of which some one more than the critics, or my profession, or even disease had effected. She asked me if I still felt as a man alone in the world. I assured her that but for thought of her, far off as she was, I might have become, by an accumulated unhappiness, a being so miserable as to have committed some desperate act. Presently her father came up, and she gave me an introduction, and while in conversation with him, another person whom her father had introduced to her was conversing with her—short, however, was the conversation between her father and myself. I walked away that I might sit myself down in some retired situation for thought. I found such a place *even there*—no one disturbed me, and I was thoughtful almost to the close of the entertainment. When I entered the room again, my fair friend was quite surrounded by gentlemen; I promenaded about for some time, and, as it grew late, left the room and walked up and down the hall till persons should be going. The ladies gradually left, and as my fair friend did so, to put on her shawl, I dare not ask her to allow me to see her home, but I did ask might I call and see her on the morrow; to which she kindly, though hesitatingly, replied in the affirmative. I told her that I would withdraw the request, since I observed its effect, and hoped she would think nothing of my doing so. She replied that I should not regard her seeming hesitation, that she would explain it on the mor-

row. She left me, and presently departed the house—I did the same.

When reflecting on this, here in my chamber, I thought the past a very pleasant, yet a very painful entertainment. I saw her indeed to-night, and she will explain to-morrow—till then I shall have little rest.

Here I was sitting, and had not commenced the preliminaries to retiring; when I thought the outer gate was to be knocked down with furious blows. I went to my window; hailed the Hercules below, and on receiving a reply, discovered by the voice, that it was one I well knew, one who said he wished to see me before I had retired to bed. Down I went and opening the postern, led him into the poet's retreat, but not to a blazing fire. Well there we two, well-dressed party gentleman sat, gathering closely over the dying embers in the grate. When he told me, he had something to say to me, that he could not in duty allow to lay over for the morning; he said he observed I paid particular attention to a young lady, and so did another young gentleman more jealous than himself observe the same: this gentleman knew the lady's father, who looked more kindly on him than the lady; her father on seeing you conversing with her, inquired of this young man your name, profession, and parts; you know I have said he was jealous,—I promise you I will not mention his name to you, and, moreover, I wish you, for yourself, to be quiet, and let him pursue his foolish course. Well, this young man informed him that you were likely to be discarded by your father on account of your settled bad habits, and your worse opinions which he did not fail to enumerate for the edification of the old gentleman—the latter seemed, as naturally he should under such

representations, vexed that you should be acquainted with his daughter ; and he will, very likely, when he meets you, not notice you, or if he does, it will only be to insult you. To inform and to warn you, I considered worth arousing you, or, if you were not asleep, bringing you to the gate." I told him how much obliged I felt, that I knew the young man, and if the father would but give me an opportunity, I would set all right in his mind, and till such was the case, I deemed it advisable that I should not see his daughter. I told him I knew nothing that could induce the young man to speak thus of me,—but perhaps it is very natural ; he liked her as well as myself, and all men are not honorable in love, any more than in making bargains. I again thanked my informant as he arose to go—we drank a glass of wine together and he left.

I sat up and thought for some time ; and the result of my thinking was, that instead of paying the promised visit, I should, in a note, give a reason for not doing so, and in it hint at her father's probable impression concerning myself. By so doing I should discover if she really possessed any affection for me, and I would then proceed accordingly in my course, despite acquaintance, or father, or world, or aught else, for we brave every terror, and every feeling, too, for those who love us—we will do an hundred times more for those who love us than those we love—so much more value do we place on the affection of others than our own—we feel that it is a superior affection—but I will deface my friend's letter no more in writing an useless explanation on it.

DEAR MISS :

January, 21st.

By circumstances over which I had no control, have I been

placed in a very delicate and peculiar position ; contrary to all etiquette, I have known you without an introduction : seeing you at the theatre—and merely seeing you, and being quite won by charms you had, and qualities I imagined you possessed—I should not have sought to address, or in the least to recognize you : but a circumstance about a month ago, placed me again, without being conscious of it, in your very presence, and put it in my power to do you a slight favor—for that even, I would not have assumed upon an acquaintance ; but for your kindness afterwards, and on both that evening and the next day, I think I might claim such acquaintance. I thought, but I may have been mistaken, that you were very kind, and for that kindness I was, I hope, not unfortunately induced to love you ; and when a man loves, who has never loved before, how unkind and ungenerous would it be to cast him hopelessly away.

I, you see, am unwilling to believe my fate till I shall hear it from yourself—and in giving the sad, hopeless intelligence to my heart ; soften it so that it may not be crushed, because, as I have told you, it is young and never loved before—do not put out its flame as a candle is put out by the wind : Ah ! use it gently, and as a fair plant from which the first flower is to be plucked,—not so harshly treat it, as it may never bloom again ; and if you will deprive it of its first flower, let its later, less sweet, and less perfect in beauty, be gathered by another hand. You would not destroy the plant, you have its best,—I fear its all.

The pleasant thoughts which I have devoted to you, I hereby seal your right to possess and keep, for though you may not love me you have seemed to deserve them. The me-

mory of delightful moments shall be to me. I shall not seek to dismiss past thoughts: I would not though I could. What! drive away my good angel from me entirely? Never. If you have not cared for me—if through coquetry you have induced me to believe you loved me, even then I love you, though love then may be mingled with feelings of bitterness. I love you that you did make some of the hours of my strange life pleasant—that you perhaps, did keep me from a desperate act—and caused me to hope and love, when father, friends, and the whole world were in arms against me.

Ere this, I should have stated my reason for not coming to see you—it was simply this; that it might make you feel unpleasantly for a stranger whom you hesitated last night in giving permission to see you to-day—that stranger, whom your father, from misrepresentations, might be induced to spurn from his and your presence should he come into it. This is my reason—potent reason, I consider it. Powerful as it was, however, or that portion respecting your father; had I believed you loved me, it should have had no force—for when love prompts a man, and when man sees a woman loves him—nothing can deter him—nothing stop him. You know not, neither can woman know, the feelings of a man who feels assured that he is loved. Pray what will a man do if he knows a poor brute dog loves him? and, ah! what would he not do, if he knew a sweet woman loved him? He would forget all occupation—every feeling that he is wont to have, and turn loose the two Niagara streams of soul and mind, to overwhelm and crush every meaner thing in its way, till the object of his devotion were gained.

I know not whether you may deem a reply either necessary or *becoming* to a note from such an individual as myself—there-

fore I may discover in your silence that you approve the step I have taken—and that you wish no longer to know me, even as an ordinary acquaintance. If such be the case, you shall be gratified, and I will never know you again—but the recollection of the past, like the dear little stories of my childhood, shall still enchain and enchant me to my life's end—and when my earthly career is about to close, the moments I have spent with you, shall with the pleasant thoughts and actions, and those things not to be regretted in life, come over me and sweeten that which I look to as being the joyous time of our existence—the moments of death.

With respect,

JANUARY 22d.—How many actions may a man perform, each quite distinct from the rest, in a remarkably small space of time? how many feelings varying without end, may one have in an equally short time? The whole man is said to be governed by laws, not only physical, moral, and intellectual, but laws which govern his actions, and laws which regulate his feelings—but he wanders so far from these laws frequently, that it were impossible to trace even a shadow—find even a remnant of the rule, in anything he does, or feels. This arises from a whimsicality, and uncertainty, and an indifference oftentimes as to the effect which certain circumstances may have upon him. He argues, and almost every man argues so: that *fate will direct me to the most desirable end*. However this may be, it were useless to philosophize where so little actual good, is to be obtained by so doing; men will pursue an accustomed path, because it is the easiest—and to this, I not being a ruler of men—shall in no wise demur—but I shall always

claim a right to scan them, and myself, if by so doing I may become a wiser, a better, or even a happier man.

Yes, as I have said in the other paragraph, "how many actions may we perform, each quite distinct from the others, in a remarkably small space of time? How many feelings, varying without end, may we have in an equally short time?" It is very remarkable, and I think it shows some inconsistency in us, that we,—the same individual should have, and within only a few hours time, perfectly opposing opinions, and perform actions which almost give the lie to previous actions. Of a strange character then, were my actions and feelings of to-day; and at one time, they might have led me singularly another way,—but to unfold: The note which I sent on yesterday, seemed to have been received with extreme pain, by the fair mistress of my heart—for in the course of the day, she sent to request that I would come and see her. Although I knew in so doing, I might meet and perhaps under disagreeable circumstances, her father; I determined as a man always does—or should, to go and know the best or the worst. At the appointed hour, I was there, and really I scarce knew the woman I had to meet—I knew though that she was mild and gentle, yet that she could be bold, and energetic; and I believed her to be able to control all passion—all feeling perhaps, too, if she liked—I was not mistaken, for she entered the room as a dignified, feeling woman. She addressed me kindly, and then asked, what should have prompted so singular a note as that which I had written her—I told her of the young man's conversation with her father, and his attempt, as my friend informed me, to prejudice her parent to myself; then her singularly inexplicable manner on leaving me in the hall—

that the mind always conjures up for itself, though may be on the frailest foundations frequently, very huge structures, that seem very good and true for the impassioned eye—she insisted that I should neither have thought or acted as I did—that I should not have placed the interpretation I had on her actions, and her hesitation in the hall should have been explained—for it was prompted by the best and most correct feeling, which if I did not then appreciate, I would hereafter, and that her father had, indeed, from unkind and thoughtless persons a false statement as to my habits, and opinions.—that he understood I was dissipated, and even dissolute, having heard, that from my early life, I had been indulged in the use of money ; that I had not only spent it lavishly, foolishly, but for purposes from which no good could accrue—indeed for vicious ends, in too many cases ;—and she turned and asked, “could it in the least be so? could I have thought so, you would not be here, by my request ;” she said, she wished me to defend myself there and then, to her. I told her I was very willing—would gladly do it if she judged it a proper time and place. She feared it would be the only opportunity. * * * *

I told her that I had been from my boyhood, disposed to follow my own wishes, to have no one to dictate to me—no one to point to the path which I should tread—and in the course which I had pursued, I had been directed by good sense, which had taught me that propriety and honor, were only to be esteemed. That the reverse of these was not only unbecoming, but little short of criminal ; because I had not thought that there were shades of vice and virtue—vice I had esteemed such of whatever shade it might be. I had been thought wild, because I was devoted to untame pursuits—when a boy I prefer-

red roving about, to the quiet of ordinary games. My mischief has been styled wildness, so has that fondness that I had always exhibited for quizzing very amiable persons, or teasing very irritable ones—but with dissipation or dissoluteness, neither could I ever be charged—the former degrades our nature so much as to make us many times the companions of criminals; the latter constitutes us less than man—both make man steal from the presence of virtue, and modesty, and woman. If I were a lewd man, do you think I could love a virtuous woman? No, it is utterly impossible for a dissolute man to love, or appreciate any but one debased—and with thoughts and feelings like himself.” I told her, I hoped she had never thought me of that loose, regardless character. She assured me, that little as she knew of me, and she knew singularly little, and only by a single action, and my conversation, which she said had more impressed her than all else, “for,” said she, “your conversation showed that you were bold, and fearless; willing to undertake, and if the chief place be given, and you always sought it or would expect it, would give it the turn of your determined spirit—it seemed to me, that you were destined for some bold enterprise—not of bloodshed—where no noble power is to be exhibited, but only the boasted, and now fast-departing animal courage—but where mental rapidity and force would be necessary to accomplish a different task—your nobility of soul, was what won my feelings to you—your indifference to casualties—your ardent and enthusiastic manner—your gentleness of a lion in power—your learning; for it seemed to me that you had turned over and brushed away the dust from all the intellectual treasures of the past, and came to place them here *before me, ah! too humble an altar.* Your eye had been on every

science, your feelings in all things, and your thoughts on all things; to me, you were not a common man; not that you were strange—for I must confess that you are a little strange—but not worse for being so, since in it you are unlike the never-varying, one-thought world—even this strangeness had a charm for me, and I loved. It may seem singular and unwoman-like to acknowledge this passion, and it is a great error, for woman when she loves, to acknowledge what some of our sex will discover from the impulsiveness of their nature—their very excellence.” I told her it was very kind in her, to love so strange a man; although, I never once deemed it strange to love so kind a woman; from the first I had loved her, I thought as I had told her before, that she was not of her kind—that she was individual, and moreover, it seemed my eye could peer into her heart, and see there that she had never loved, and she now told me that I saw correctly, for she had frequently highly-esteemed gentlemen, but in entertaining them, merely was her mind interested—ah! how different is the interest of the heart—the mind is interested with beautiful and correct thought, clear argument, and deep learning; the heart is interested with the beauty of virtue, the nobleness of honor, and untarnished principle, and the host of exquisite moral attributes, that set off the diadem of the truly excellent. The interest we take in mental effort, is calm and convincing; the interest we take in the heart, is free, ardent, abiding—one is the vast ocean, in a calm, the other is that same vast ocean in a storm.

I told her how of late I had been sad and cast down, and from two causes, the one more powerful, the other less so; that my father saw and complained of my lessening interest in the pursuit of the law—that he had become cool towards me, and

I of necessity so to him. And that the book I had written, although at first neglected, was now taken up with severity, as to the opinions, and even the language ; that I would be presently before the world, as the author of an almost proscribed work. She insisted that I should bear with my father as long as possible—that those prejudices of one's parents, while they are most injurious to their children, constitute the happiness of them : that there is no doubt, if the father could see the heart of his child, he would act very differently. And, moreover, should I be discarded by that father, I had still left a mind which could not fail in resources of a useful, as well as an intellectual kind, and as to the criticism of my book, to disregard it entirely, that it came from mindless and heartless detractors; and if the opinions were sound, as she knew they were, I could fear nothing from the host who were morbidly fearful lest they might be excelled, or levelled to the place of their equals—"criticism," she said, "never injures us in the main ; virtue and truth can bear the severest scourge of the petty tyrants of the critical pen—and, it is amusing to see these creatures, like harpies, waiting for the command of their masters—as to whether it were better to praise or blame, this or that." She wished I would not regard any of them.

She told me that I had nothing to fear, "for" said she, "I will speak of you to my father ; I will tell him with a boldness now of his error, in supposing you to be what the young man represented you." I told her, she would be a very excellent intercessor, but if she would allow me to, I would speak with her father and weaken, if not remove, the force of the wrong to myself. She insisted that I would not see him, but permit her *to do so*.

I left her as my mediator and to-day, perhaps, I shall hear how she has succeeded with the parent—till then, I shall be as one in a frail machine, sailing through the air.

JANUARY 23d.—A cruel father, and I know not indeed how to charge the child,—the loved one; she might have sent me a note—even a word, if no more, before she left—but I have always said it was my fate to meet with those unkind acts of fortune, and this is but a single one introduced to keep up the same continuously through my life. I will not blame her—for any remissness—I cannot blame her. She was so kind but yesterday. Yet, I begin to suspect, she loves her father better than all others,—better than her lover—it is often the case with ladies, now-a-days, but I will not suspect her of it—the old father has wealth, which the daughter will possess when he is no more—but if she marries contrary to his wishes, she may lose it. Oh! politic woman! you learn policy very soon after you have brushed away all the nonsense of school; and the time is just after your first fancy for a man has been misapplied, or unrequited—then you quickly have it taught you—woman's prudential art begins about nineteen, and after that never ends; this period is shrewdly called the period of discretion. Girls win their first love, or love their first love, in the days of their simplicity of dress, and naïvete of manners—all those whom they win after this one, are won by decking their persons with dress and with ornament—but, as they only love then—so are they never loved by us as when they are sweet, simple girls; plain in dress and unaffected in manners—hence one may observe, that coquettes, and those who study to charm and insinuate, always attire themselves simply, and act, and speak naïvely as one of these girls—airs never win men; dress, it

were preposterous to think wins them : it attracts the quizzing-glass, not the genuine man—it calls forth the admiration and the wonder of the mass—but women even more than men, wish to lose sight of democracy, and talk of the aristocratic-looking man ; but, perhaps, they do not object to be recognized by that mass, inasmuch as it gratifies vanity.

Well, I am becoming quite reconciled to her absence ; one easily does when he feels that an individual near and dear to him, has given a slight, or treated him as he does not deserve. While I feel stung ; I will endeavor to be gay ; and write down too, if I like, the frolics of young folly. But it is strange, very strange, that I did not receive some notice of her departure—perhaps her father has worked on her mind, so much, and so well to my disparagement, that she agrees to what she does not believe of me, well :

" Let Hercules himself, do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

FEBRUARY 9th.—My fool, jester, wise man—or whatsoever he may be styled, seems conscious of the moments of my despondency, and comes upon my hours, as welcome as an honest friend. I wondered to-day, when I saw him, what he would talk about, he speaks so many strange things that I forget them many times, before I think to write them down, to ponder over hereafter.

It is very unaccountable, I think, how wit and irritability—humor and amiability go together ; and in how very different an individual, from either of these, does sarcasm reside. I would account for it in this way, if at all ; the irritable man is generally rapid in action, his sentences are short, and his language to the point, and these naturally arise from disposition

and temperament,—he is constantly preparing to effervesce; merely speak to him and he will do so. The amiable man is always pleased and always sees and feels what is pleasing, and as he enjoys it himself, he possesses it himself for his pleasure and keeps it for others, and when occasion calls he affords it. The sarcastic individual, accustomed to gloomy and painful feelings—as he possesses himself of them, stores them away,—always broods on them; resolves in his mind that the world has partly, if not wholly been the cause of all his unhappiness—well he has revolved these things in his poisoned mind, and settled the account against the world. He goes among men, they oppose his opinions with theirs—it is very natural—and he imagines, of course, that they have all previously agreed to oppose and thwart him; he then lets loose the bands of his feelings and they do work havoc often—with others, but for a time, but with himself, forever—such are these remarkable creatures of the world.

I have been sitting on the old bench, holding converse with the man, I formerly introduced to these papers, who is not all a fool; but certainly is a creature to drive away care, and hurry off heavy, intruding time. To-day has this man been telling me that a large failure has occurred in the city. I am a quiet individual, and would not hear of such things but for him—he comes to the conclusion that “it is a great, very great trial, for the best man to be honest—and no man is thoroughly and at heart so, because there is no encouragement to be strictly honest, even among your good; and let the heart of men be dishonest, no one will find it out, it will be all hidden as the Delphic mysterious, by plausibility and art. If a man can only keep his hands from stealing—he thinks—if he can but commit

forgery, without being detected, or in any way injure his neighbor, he not suspecting it, what is the difference? it does not keep him from enjoying life, from praying and moaning and singing—the loudest of all the church members—a shrewd minister once said of his congregation, that he knew the men who were going to fail, or commit some mean act in his church, by their praying and singing so loudly, that no one else could be heard but them.”

“Not only I,” said he, “but all men find it difficult, on the plea of deficit of remuneration, to be honest. I plainly acknowledge I do: for tell me, who will give me anything to be honest? No one, but men will let me starve in my honesty: then you see I am evidently paid to be dishonest; or, in other language, warned to do the best I can, or die; and likewise the law of necessity allows no man to starve, or live without shelter, and the like. I claim it and I will enjoy it as other men; and besides this, all the world is getting a living and providing against ills, some with a start and some without; some are shrewd, and get along very fast; some are not so shrewd, and get along but slowly; now those who travel fast, have *quick honesty*, those who travel slowly, *slow honesty*.” I asked him to explain particularly, the difference between these two kinds of honesty—he then said, that “a man who was in haste to accumulate wealth, and who cared nothing about the means used for attaining it, was a man of *quick honesty*—the characteristics of these men are good common sense, with a great deal of worldly wisdom, and acute discretion, of a doubtful nature. The man then of *slow honesty*, is he who is extremely ignorant, but with some common sense, he delves longer and harder

and his reward is less than the former, and he is therefore more parsimonious.

I insisted that he looked too harshly on the world, that he allowed no single man to be honest; he replied, "you know I am one of those individuals who goes everywhere, and at all times; therefore, I have an excellent opportunity for looking into the real characters of all classes of men, and of discovering the various shades of honesty in the world, if they are to be discovered. I go at one time and sit in the office door of the merchant, and I hear him say to his partner in business, 'that fellow is in a hard place, let us push him, and we will get his goods for almost nothing. I have been sitting on the step of the lawyers' office, and heard him tell a client to procure a man who is willing to swear an alibi—I have been at the doctor's window, and heard him order a dose for his patient, and then say, thinking no ear heard but that of his Gil Blas, "If I do not give it to him, he will be up to-day, and I shall realize from his disease but a mean fee." I have been not far from the chancel, when the bishop addresses the pastor in these words: "say to the congregation, we must have a considerable sum in addition to the pittance we have, to defray the church expenses, and pay the shepherds of the Lord." Not long after this, the same bishop "believes he will go to the springs this summer." The whole secret is to keep your countenance you perceive—to hide your hated heart from all but yourself, from whom you would likewise wish to hide it. Now do you consider that merchant's a good heart, which chuckles over the advantage he has of the unfortunate man? Do you think it an honest heart that builds its fortune on the downfall of others—this is styled to give it the air of honesty, *the advantage of capital* ;

and the good fortune to be forehanded. What kind of advice is that which the lawyer gives his perhaps, honest, but too credulous client? he tells him, after having wronged a man, to use foul means to delay or deny his procuring justice; does this proceed from an honest heart? What kind of an act is that which the physician commits? A man places his life in his power and subject to his learning, and he ruthlessly risks it for a few dollars; is this either a generous or an honest heart? And lastly, your minister, he in whom you place all trust, in whom your repose your soul to be given over to deity, his honest heart is plotting against your pocket."

"Do you believe that every one has a pure and beautiful heart; that dare be exposed to man, and can shine before the immaculate God? No, sir, there are few besides the joyous young man, who, in the excellence of his nature is led astray by the villains and the villainy of the world; he has a good heart, but it will remain so only till over-tasked, and weighed down with repeated deeds. The young man, then, has a pure heart, the child an acknowledged pure heart; but let a little information be derived, and a little progress made in the world, and he will become as others."

I told him he was the most bitter, unrelenting being I ever saw, to which he replied, "Remember, sir, I was good once, when young in heart and pure in spirit—I was ruined. Did you ever think what a damning word that is? a ruined castle; what, idea, does it convey to your mind? Waste of that which was once excellent in beauty of structure—a city in ruins—dreary destruction? Rome, Athens—moss is on the crumbling walls, and the chirping cricket, and the voracious hyena, are among the fallen columns. Does it not carry to

your heart melancholy feelings? Then a ruined oak, one blighted by the axe of the thoughtless boy, from the woodcart—it withers, it dies, and the old ruin of animated nature holds its bare arms to the frowning sky. How painful? But hopes and prospects ruined; you see at first the desponding, cast down young man; then the same becomes, after a series of changes, the reckless man; and at last comes the ruin, the most painful ruin of all—the haggard features, and, perhaps, the wretched rags that hang from his wasted limbs. Then is it not a painful and a damning word? Your reply will be, yes! Then you know but the word, and the notion you are acquainted with from hearsay, and from that you think it horrible. I know the feeling, and I would not picture it if I could; for I should be unwilling for you to know the dread waste, and the moral decay and destruction that is here, pointing to his heart, and shaking his head, as much as to say, an almost devoured heart—if heart at all; a painfully wise heart, which will give no tongue to language though. He said, “I have penetrated the human bosom, and I have gotten a knowledge of the heart, cloistered as it is deeper and deeper, by the exertions of years of experience. Take care, sir, that you do not know more than you now do. I warn you never seek to know; for every step grows more and more painful and darker. Farewell!” He rose, and ere long was gone.

Thou art a strange man. I wonder if thou hast, as other men, loved. I never thought to ask you; but I will when I see you again. If thou hast, a new source of interest will be given to thy history.

MARCH 10th.—

*“Jam satis terris nivis atque disce,
Grandinis misit Pater.”*

Sufficient now of pleasure and its pursuits, since it has failed to yield what it promised. It has become flat, and all that which it affords is of an unsatisfactory nature. I cannot say what pleasure has taught me, unless it be that the world is constituted full of follies—that the civilized man, and the man who calls himself enlightened, throws away his precious hours in dressing fantastically, making fashionable calls, or promenading the walks of fashion; and when he converses, it is on subjects trite in themselves, and so tritely treated, that they are never remembered. Then the mind has earnestly craved something in which the imagination becoming the deluder, is disappointed. It discovers that about all this fashion and etiquette and society, there is nothing—nothing possessing value—nothing to realize from all this expenditure of time and strenuous mental effort, devoted to pleasing or persuading. I, like a foolish speculator, who gives all he has to a single object, and that of doubtful good, invested my whole capital of mind, heart, and soul, in this scheme, so vast and pleasing. Of course it was a very uncertain enterprise. Fate and fortune, which are always against me, resolved to defeat me. I was near losing my all; but I will exert myself, and though seriously injured, my fortune is not entirely shattered.

I must embark in a new enterprise; for an active mind, if not employed, runs wild, and to sad ends. It is a painful reflection, that I shall have no adequate return—no return at all, for this great and foolish loss of time; for the sacrifice I have made of the best feelings of our nature; and for the serious prejudice to dignity.

How great a contrast exists between these transitory, wanton, and foolish pleasures, and those of reputation? Let he

who desires it, pursue pleasure for a time, then pursue reputation, and he will be convinced that the latter is far superior to the former—that it is a different thing. Indeed, I have enjoyed but little reputation, and perhaps I may not be able to form a correct judgment; but certain it is I can between the pursuits of pleasure and those of study, which are so evidently opposite to each other, since the former is of right, and ought to be, the occupation of the wealthy and the idle—of those who take no interest in the advancement of mankind, but find in hunting and fishing, drinking and gaming, all that they desire in life. The latter is the employment of men of superior intellect and great learning; men who urge mankind forward; who seek to ameliorate the state of the unfortunate, considering that they cannot devote too much of their time to humanity; who are constantly on the jealous watch, lest the individual gain some advantage, seek a farther and a fearful ascendancy, over the mass. The whole life of the student is one of self-sacrifice—of devotion to the wants, mental and moral, of his great constituents—the world. Indeed, a poor author is sadly abused, if he does not regularly afford the means to his constituency of amusement and interest; and so hard driven is the poor wretch, that he is compelled sometimes to pander to the vilest tastes. He does it with a sort of reluctant pleasure, since it is a peculiar request of his friends, of whom it is his constant thought to desire the approbation.

How will the devotion to the wine cup, the senseless chit-chat, compare with the luxury of reading?—of giving ourselves to our old friends of the library? We take up a book which we have not looked into for a whole year—a very long time for us to be separated from any friend in our library.

we do not have to read far, ere we find a new idea we had never discovered there before. We are surprised to think that we should have passed over it, it is so beautiful—so true: it is a real mental gem. Thinking of mental gems, and ideas that strike us as beautiful and true, reminds me of a desire which must be natural to all men, and which is very powerful in myself. It is: to allow, indeed to force another to enjoy with me this newly-discovered idea. It shows how admirable is the heart, that on this occasion indicates nothing like selfishness, although I have frequently a wish to keep to myself that which my study and labor had gained for me, and which idleness and sloth had denied to others. That likewise is natural; and we acquire an abhorrence as much for he who sustains his conversation and writing by the labor of others, as he who lives from the sweat of another's brow in a different toil. About this desire to give to others a share in the enjoyment of one of our discoveries. I have been lying in bed, sometimes reading, and while all others were soundly sleeping through the house; when in this reading I have found some remarkable passage, or the reading has suggested some idea so highly valued, that I wished to impart it before it is lost to me! I have often leaped from my bed, hurriedly dressed, sought some member of the family most likely to appreciate what I had for them. It makes no difference whether they think me dreaming or not. I do it; and make them read, or read to them, or explain to them: and if I gain no more than making them dream of it, when they fall back again on their pillow, then I will be satisfied. When we hesitate on one of these excellent things, we are inclined to think that the author has had a number of these *ideas*, which he has strewn through his work, like precious

stones are distributed in the earth, that we should seek for them. It is ~~the~~ habit of the general reader to do this ; but I never do it. Yet, I do, in reading a work worth perusing, carefully mark remarkable or correct passages, that in taking up the work after a lapse of time, I may again enjoy the best portions of it, and think over the most suggestive ; for we may enjoy a thousand times a single passage. If it were not so, we would not hear persons in their glad and in their melancholy moments, constantly repeating lines which contain some devoted idea.

Then, when we wish to see again some half-remembered argument, we take up our favorite author, seek out the striking and noble thing we have seen in him. We turn over and examine the connection and firmly fix it in our mind. If, at any time we are sad and heavy, we take take up some imaginative work. There is *Corinne*, for example, in which we find conversations too brilliant, too metaphysical, indeed, to have been spoken at the impulsive moment of conversation, and such description of scenery, Italian in particular, the ruins of Rome with the torch of the past held over them, by a spirit immortal in mind and love, in faith and hope.

When our feelings are drooping, our blood languid, and our nerves unstrung, we should then resort to Byron. When the head is cool, the feelings all fresh, we should take up *Boltingbrook*. When the mind is calm and settled, ready for steadiness of thought, be Bacon our book. And, indeed, for every state of mind or feeling, our study is our best and readiest friend. It will yield always what will please us, or, if we wish it, will reason with us, or will laugh with us ; for we need never be serious where Cervantes is, or where George Cole-

man is. And if you be literally dying—and I have often been so—I recommend Bulwer. I am fatally fond of him, although I abuse him ; and if he fail—and you must be rather a brute in your ennui if he does—why, I have some, by Jove ! who will not, I care not how hard you are to please. I take it, that this ennui cannot be cured save by the means which produced it. If intellect produced it, intellect will cure it, and Bulwer will succeed. If passion produced it, then passion is the cure, and Bulwer oftentimes succeeds here, but generally men must cure it faster than by reading, and then they can do no otherwise than plunge into that very passion's mouth which produced it ; and like that mysterious power of electricity, which causes one object to attract another to it most energetically, and when received into its influence and there sated, becomes repelled with a force equal to that which attracted it.

I do not overrate study ; but now I have come heartily to despise pleasure. The reasons are evident. Then I return gladly from society to study and to retirement ; and if I ever leave them again, it will only be to journey to

“ The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns.”

MARCH 23d.—It is said of the elephant that at a particular season of the year he becomes furious, beyond the control of his keepers ; that they permit him to run wild for a time, when he again returns of himself to them. Now, I think he is not the only animal having a season of madness. I think man has one. That I myself, this same *ego*, feels that it is so ; that I am lost to the world and myself ; that I scarcely know what I am about. I am a fool, and my head a whirligig, and man a *nothing*, and the whole world a piece of organism—

"Jangled, out of time, and harsh."

At such times as this, I am almost impelled to ask that I may be delivered from this too severe bondage of life ; for the things of our time seem but parcelled out and yielded to us in bitterness, and without regard to our natures or dispositions. It cannot be chance that directs it. A worse cause directs our destiny. We are but the tools of other men ; and we are but subject to the age in which we live. Oh ! it is terrible ! yet it is not to be gotten over.

I cannot help exclaiming, I am a fool ! I am mad ! And it is impossible that I can write, since I cannot think but as a madman. So away with useless pens ! A worldly inebriated brain, away ! and when, if ever I recover, I will once more to my keepers, as the faithful elephant. Perhaps I may think again, and write again thoughts—thoughts yet foolish, flying—inapplicable thoughts, on the poor, spotless, helpless paper.

APRIL 1st.—O ! what a pity it is that man should so far let his imagination bear him, as to make him as a madman ; yet it has been so of late with me, and it must be so with some. We are created differently, and some with more imagination than others ; and those who have too much should take care, since "there is but one step from the wanderings of fancy to the aberrations of delirium."

I find I am making a short note of my recovery, as a man does, who, long given up by his dear friends for lost, sits down and drops them a line, to say, "I am not dead, therefore please do not part with my watch, for I was very much attached to it : my father gave it to me." Or as a convict, who, just let loose on the world again, sits him down, and in a letter remarks that the place in which he has taken up his abode is very beautiful

—that he has not written for a great while, yet hopes all his friends are well; for, strange to say, he has not heard from them for a length of time.

APRIL 26th.—How many painful feelings are the lot of some persons, that are entirely unknown to others? and how many thoughts have some, that others have not? neither could they have from the constitution of their natures.

I am unfortunately—and I do esteem it unfortunate, for one to be of an independent spirit. And, withal, I have a mind which reacts on itself too powerfully. This spirit prevents my performing any act that shall in the least put me under the control, direction, or even momentary supervision of another. It makes me think, and act, and speak above board; and likewise, it calls down upon me oftentimes the unkind word—even the condemnation of the world.

As regards opinions which others may entertain, no man is more liberal to them than myself; therefore, no man must attempt to restrict any opinion of mine, any more than seek to direct me.

As an independent man, I am not only tenacious but very sensitive. I feel a wrong done me perhaps sooner than any other man in existence; for, in myself there exists, almost as nature itself, the principles of right and wrong, and the slightest variation from, or infringement of them, is immediately detected.

Now, I have an idea of what would be most-suitable for me to pursue in life; and I should not hesitate to say it either to parent, friend, or the world. I should say it, because it is a duty I owe to my principles. I do prefer one profession above *another*; and I do know that I can be happy only in such a

one. My father claims a right to rule my opinion. Now every freeman, whether he hath a father or not, has a right to think and express his opinion on general matters, and more especially on himself. If he or any other man can be reasoned out of an opinion he may entertain—reasoned, I say—then he should give up that he is wrong, and take up the right. But to have one's opinion ruled, and his acts controlled, would make him no more than a slave. It is very strange that parents should claim a right so inviolable—the right to think and act for their children now grown up to manhood. Why, suppose the parent is in the habit of thinking for him on all occasions, and deciding for him in all important matters, not only to his advancement, but his happiness; then that parent dies, as in the nature of things he must, in whom should the young man find another to think for him as that parent? In none. The world is too much occupied with its own interests; and if it were not, it should not trouble itself with one who is an imbecile, and lacks thrift at his manhood. But some will care for him; for the orphan has a friend: and he who has never thought or acted for himself, but has been directed by another, just as a child would be—indeed, he would be an orphan—he would meet a friend, a transitory friend, in the thief and the gamester, and they would ruin him. The thing will reflect on the parent, and the child will have now to begin the world again—but he who has seen prosperity, is loth to do a menial's office, or follow an undignified occupation—then, of course, he must turn to one which can give him the air of gentility to which he has been accustomed—be gamester then, and rob, as he was robbed, or be a drunkard, from his sunken prospects, or a suicide, from blighted hopes.

But I grow tired of the world. To-day I have vexed my father by assuming that I had a right to think for myself—that which neither law or morality can deny me, and I have vexed him ; ah ! well. I have rowed my boat down the river, and am now seated, while I write, by the side of an old friend, one who has often sought to make me promise that I would, whether in my happy or unhappy moments go to him—become his child—dwell always with him, possess and use as I thought proper, that which is his. How kind in the dear old man, he has offered me his all—he has offered me more than earthly possessions—his love. He has sought, too, to assuage the tumult of my soul, to build up a breaking spirit ; he has besought me, as would a philosopher, and a *Christ*, not to regard the things of this world, which are but Cæsar's—not to grow indifferent to good and amiable feelings ; and while I cast aside the world, with it the reckless part of me, become a quiet child of the river and the shore.

Well, he has almost won me over to his opinions and to himself, and he has in imagination—but I fear only there, made me as himself. Ah ! had my father advised with me, and spoken so kindly, he might have made me what he would ; or had this old man taken me when a child, and taught me as he sought to teach me now ; I should have grown a better and a wiser man—I should have loved my kind, been indulgent too, to the world, and been as good, perhaps, as he, who had lost, if ever he possessed, a fondness for the follies of the world—since he had become the most excellent of men.

I will indulge my old friend in walking about his grounds, and as he says, “ look on the charming fields—the placid river—the cloudless sky ; and study each, as a worthy study—learn to

worship, where no man sees you, and where you may best know your heart. My young friend! be unalloyed of the world. Be not of the world at all, for you say it renders you unhappy; but dwell here, in silence, in thought, and be happy. Now, write no more, but let us go to learn our lesson, in the vast book before us, and then you may return and write again."

APRIL 20th.—At last I have persuaded the singular misanthropic man, to give me an account of his early affection for woman. From my first acquaintance with him, I had not believed he could ever have loved; and from the beginning of this conversation I was inclined to continue in this opinion, till I observed he hesitated, as though there was something in the account which he wished to give me, of a painful nature. We were sitting on the bench—the famous bench, on which we had so often sat together, as we conversed. After some thought, he resolved in his mind, I could perceive, that he would divulge the whole secret of his heart. Before commencing he remained abstracted, a time as if distributing the account into parts, and leaving out some circumstances of an unnecessary nature; however he proceeds: "Sir, when a young man, I was as I have said to you, as promising as any man of my age in this city—I may say it without vanity—more so; for I had received an education on the largest scale; in the colleges of our country, both north and south I had pursued my studies. In first visiting those institutions, I sought general information, because I thought it likely to be most useful in life, and besides it would make me shine in society; and there was another thing about it which I greatly desired—it would have placed me on a mental equality with all men. Afterwards I commenced the study of law, as a profession, which I said I would follow up

for life ; but which was a mere name—occupation ; for I needed no profession, since I had wealth sufficient for all purposes, even for all the vanity and extravagance of my wishes. My education finished, and on returning from college, I visited my friends, for I had some whom I greatly esteemed, and who then respected and esteemed me. I did not omit to visit, to me the sweetest creature in the world ; one who had received, too, from an abundant wealth, an education superior, and who possessed the accomplishments ; but she was not, as myself, destined to shine most, on account of her intelligence—since her moral qualities, far excelled all those of her high order of mind. I could almost paint her portrait, had I taught my hand, to represent what vividity exists in my mind. She was one of those soft, affectionate, all-souled women. She was happy too, for excellence induces happiness. I had then the reputation of being a splendid man—raven curls, nut-brown eyes, the fire of which you have seen, though they are now dull and destitute of fire, as those of the dead. I loved this angel ; I told her so—and unfortunately—oh ! unhappily, she told me that she loved me. It is a most hazardous thing for a woman to tell a man she loves him : she at once places herself on the brink of a fearful precipice. I was constantly in her society—I was infatuated—rapt, mad ; Ah ! I did love her to perfection ! but when she told me that she loved me, I became instantly almost, a changed man. For knowing I possessed her heart, I grew indifferent, as we do to laurels which we already have. I cared not as I had for it ; I never dreamt that it was a treasure, none other than myself, could with all his power possess. I grew cold, and presently paid my attentions to another, as we crave *fresh*, and those laurels which it will require effort to win. She

observed what I did, and the change in my manner, but only loved me the more, because she knew not the reason of my coldness, or thought it might proceed from herself. I for whom she had lost the all of her sweetest woman's charms, in letting me know she loved me ; looked on her, at first, with an eye of pity, then again did I gaze on her as a victim of a wanton passion. Well, on one occasion, with a woman's devotedness, she fell upon my icy shoulder—I turned her away at first—but presently, like the frozen viper, when warmed by the fires of the gentle and loving soul, I inflicted a sting that poisoned hers and my own life forever. You have heard, but I hope you have never felt as a man feels towards the woman he has ruined—it is a devilish indifference, a loathing abhorrence : love her as much as he may have done at first. Sir, after this deed, I felt that I was oppressed by the very air I had breathed so freely before. I felt that the sky was clouded over, and about to close and shut me in. I loved her, but what was she now to me ? O ! the most pitiable, despicable object in the world. And all that formerly made her what she had been to me, was gone ; she was a slave to my wilful wishes. I resolved to drown, or by some means rid myself of existence, so weary was I of life ; but I asked myself would that cure the wrong I had done her ? No—then should I marry her ? No, I could not, for I should be miserable through life, if I did. Then I sought her to know what we had best do—her loving eye at this moment present to me, pierced my damned heart, and told me what I had done : O ! like a poisoned arrow did it rankle in my bosom, and I thought she saw it as it tortured me. I told her I must part with her for a time ; she loved, and suspected not that I had determined to see her no more ; but before I went

I sat down and wrote her a farewell letter, and it was of a nature the most lost, abominable for a human being to have written, and to one too who was devoted to him. Fortunately, oh, God! she was taken ill soon after, and died. From this time I ceased to be a man; for the savage pleasure and anguish her death afforded me, had metamorphosed me from that instant, from a man into a demon. I left this country, and in Europe lavished all my fortune on crafty men, and lewd women. With just enough to support me, I returned to this place; not more than two hundred miles from where I committed the damning deed of my life. I have become just what I should. I am a parasite, and a wretch, and no fate is too hard for me. Sir, remember me, remember this deed, and you will forget and forgive all the minor crimes of my life; for by this one act they were all prompted, the result of which is a settled indifference to my fate." He rose and left.

MAY 3d.—Misfortunes are coming—a father's coldness, and a love's trials. How it affords persons pleasure to bear painful news to our doors. I think verily the gods infernal have sent me a thousand messengers, lest I should not hear that she I love is to go away from my sight; to leave this country on a visit for a time to the countries of Europe.

I should like to know, in reality, what are the feelings of this woman towards myself. I should be pleased to know if she goes at her own suggestion; if so, she loves me not,—she is a flirt,—yet it is impossible to feel entirely impressed, that she does not love me. However, I will test it. I will go into her presence disguised, and seek from her the truth, fatal though it be.

Shortly, then, I shall be gone. I will take the last responsi-

bility as respects my father ; he desires that I would never see her again,—that I would forget her, by burying myself in my profession. But I will see her, and in so doing seal one, if not two fates.

MAY 9th.—I have parted with her, though I have not parted without a kind, even an affectionate farewell. My course was prompted by love, and men do act so differently in love, from what they do at any other time, that I scarce know myself. In love we are determined that we will gain our point, cost it all we hold dear in the world, be it country, friends, be it the very last, life itself.

A kind friend I found here in the country, as one everywhere may find ; for if we may not win a man by kind words, and bland manners—surely, money which can purchase anything, may get him for one. Then with no distinguished effort, did I procure the suit which a beggar would likely wear, my mercenary friend, placed me within the grounds of the father of her I loved. I pursued hte occupation designated by my dress, I came into her presence, I induced her to follow me by saying, I had something to disclose of importance to her. She did so, and not long was it before she did indeed dispense the charity of affection to this poor beggared heart.

When recognized, she welcomed me with words of kindness and encouragement ; but she met me to say farewell. She told me that the next day, she was to leave for a distant land. I protested that it was too bad—but she said her trip was unavoidable, and that she would return the same to me, yet more accomplished and more worthy. I told her I sought not to see her possess accomplishments, that the heart could not be accomplished. I insisted that she should fly with me, that she

should leave a domicil, so hostile to the best feelings ; but it seemed that the affection she bore her father, was too strong for such an act ; he was prejudiced to myself, as she was to the young man he wished her to marry. She said she must not fly her parent, but that she would never connect herself with the man of his choice. She told me to live and hope.

The interview was unavoidably short, yet bounteous of feeling—pleasant, though melancholy ; and as we were about to part, I broke a twig of evergreen from the tree under which we stood, gave it to her, and said I wished that her constancy should only be as the life of this tree. She promised me it should. She gave me in return a twig from the tree. I made the same promise. We knelt, and laid our hands united on the evergreen tree. We vowed eternal fidelity. We rose. I kissed her ; and we parted.

That night I sought repose, but not until late did I fall to sleep ; and then I had a dream that she was taken with some fatal disease, nor lingered long before she died. I awakened from so painful a dream. I went to sleep again, and again dreamt the same : a third time I slept, and a third time had the same dream. I could sleep no more—I felt that I should not sleep ; therefore I arose, walked towards the house I had left the evening before. The moon was up, and shone with subdued brilliance on the walls, and stealthily crept through every crevice of the barn, and lay like a flame on the scattered grain ; it made fantastic figures in the garden, with the thousand forms of foliage ; it cast dark shadows among the trees, and darkest of all where late we stood on yester even. Now I stood wrapt in thought, leaning against the same tree ; then I was wandering on the borders of a

hedge, which might have concealed a trembling animal, or a crouching foe.

Day broke. Strange thoughts one has at day-break ; but more than strange those then and there elicited—thoughts principally on myself and situation. And then one's feelings. One feels as though all weighty emotions should, with the hazy curtain, be lifted from the breast ; but to me, I felt that all nature, even in her most pleasing garb, could not remove thoughts and feelings associated with the last evening's parting, and last night's dream.

The sun rose and gilded the distant hamlet, and adorned nature gaily ; but it did not make me more gay. The birds sang blithely ; yet I was not blithe, neither did I partake in any of the scene which surrounded me. Presently the coach drove to the door of the house. My heart said, the funeral coach has come, to take all that is dear to me to its long home. Ere long the family descended to the door ; I saw only undistinguishable figures step into the vehicle : it then drove off, and with my heart in it. She has gone to take a long journey. Where ? Who can say where ? Who can say that all, or any of those who leave their homes to journey, shall return ? How many accidents stand ready in the path ? How many snares and pitfalls beset the way ? Well, you are gone ! gone ! gone then ! Farewell !

This old house now interests me no longer. These friends have, within a short time, withered in their very greenness. I leant against the cedar ; I placed my hand where we had lately placed them united together : I parted with the tree as one parts with a friend—an only friend—in all the great scene

of life ; I left the place, and, perhaps not soon, if ever, to return.

MAY 12th.—Now that she is gone, it were better that I reconcile myself to her absence, and seek, in the busy world, a temporary relief for ills I cannot correct. Learn to smile too, like others, when they do not feel disposed to smile. Perhaps it is the secret of happiness, to deceive ourselves into the belief that we are happy. We can easily imagine it. We can imagine anything, or there would not be the thousand diseases that there are. There would not be the so-idolized pleasures which never really exist.

Again, let me seek to think no longer of places and times made pleasant by their association with her so loved. Let me be giddy, think of the new opera, the pleasing concert, my beautiful horse, my boat that went so beautifully adown the river yesterday with her new sail. Or, if these fail, let me invent, for occasion, new sources of pleasure, provided they be innocent ; for I must not forget that I promised fidelity ; and if for a moment I have left the path of virtue, morality, or rectitude, I am no longer faithful. Ah ! she should have left me more for my heart to dote on than she has. Since I cannot forget her, I should have many things to fondle that are hers. My books are but a slight consolation up to this time. Ah ! think of it. I will not want. I will soon have enough to employ my mind, and my heart too. I have vexed my father with this wild trip. He will upbraid me surely ; and I, in return, shall become, I fear, reckless, and have a mental and moral feeling together too, to counteract, and, I fear, to weigh down a moral one ; but I will not run on so, for “sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” I will be a man to-day,

although a stoic—another name for inanimate thing—to-morrow.

MAY 16th.—Men are always prating in a sycophantic tone, about the inequality of things in this life ; and few do really know the very great disparity that exists in men's situations. I frequently complain that I am tied down to a profession which I abhor ; yet, with time, if industrious, for the indulgence of my preference for literary pursuits. I am well clad, and frequently in fancy and fashion. I have not only the food necessary for the accomplishment of life, but I have it in my power to indulge freely, should I wish it, in luxurious food, and the most choice and palatable wines ; and I am in excellent health for all the enjoyments of life ; and save a slight pre-disposition to consumption, which will not affect me until, perhaps, later in life, when I would expect disease of some kind. I have had all the advantages of a superior education, with no less than thirty teachers on various subjects, from my childhood to the present time. I have, likewise, had all the advantages of society. My father's profession, family, and estates would have placed me there, without an effort of my own, had I not ever sought rather to recommend myself by myself. And I am unhappy ; yet how can I be so, on contrasting my situation with that of others ? We never think of that while in the indulgence of these painful feelings. Let us visit scenes of wretchedness ; for I have made it a pleasure often to do so, that I might have a true knowledge of persons in miserable places—that I might have the right feelings towards them, when they complain and supplicate. Men often turn away in mockery from the wretch who asks of them what they would throw away in a trifle. That should not be.

The other day I saw a young, handsome man, asking for labor at any price, and of any kind, that he might support his wife and child; and provided he could get employment, he was willing to see them but a few times during the yearly time of service. By accident I came upon a family, last winter, of a man, his wife and children, existing in a box, for it was nothing more. In the middle of this box, eight feet long by six feet wide, and five high, a fire was built of bark from some wood-pile, with a few sticks gathered through the day by the children, who were large enough to do so. These were placed on a pat of turf, and there being no vent, the smoke was suffocating, save to this family. The mother said it was better, for the warm smoke contributed to keep them from freezing. This is taking poison to ward off death. Around this fire slept that wretched family—slept soundly, though there was no bread for their sustenance. Oh, God! thou hast given to the poorest being the one enjoyment of which it is impossible to deprive him. The poor man may be hungry, ill clad, houseless, all; but in this he is a prince: he forgets the sad evil of this life, and exists in an imaginary one, that is a paradise. He has no night-mare—no disquiet from gout; and when wealth cannot sleep on down in peace, he can slumber soundly on his kind old parent earth.

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

I saw, not long since, a poor little carrier boy, who, having gone the streets over all the day long, slept at night in a church door. A few days ago, and I saw a poor creature lying in a cellar, deserted, because of its dampness and disease. He was sick, and in agony at times, and not a rag of clothing on his body; he had been abused, robbed, disrobed, and cast into this

hole to die of neglect. I knew an aged father to urge his child to steal bread, and many are the untold acts of poverty. Not unfrequently, in and near the same house, we have a dinner party, with rich meats and wines, a coarse revel, and a wretched woman sleeping her last sleep, under the influence of opium; and, in all probability, those engaged in the coarse revel, were once owners of the mansion in which the dinner-party is dissipating; and, perhaps, previously to their ownership, she who has taken the poison, adorned with her charms the same mansion. Who has not known such a course of things? What family, indeed, has passed through three generations, without experiencing this change? Yet we are unhappy when we should be contented. We ought to mingle more with our fellows, and we will become, I find, better, wiser, and happier. I think, sometimes, that I should be contented; but no argument can convince me of the error of considering this habitual feeling the right and best, and the natural one. Would to God, that I might anticipate the enjoyment of such a blissful feeling as content. I have striven to possess it; yet in vain: and I expect to die as I have lived, without knowing it. Sometimes I have thought all men might possess it, by their commencing from nothing, and elevating themselves; but I have seen many who have been content without place—perhaps more. Rich men are oftener contented and happy, than is imagined; because riches do not necessarily create discontent. Rich men are always self-satisfied—a great source of happiness. Hence I conceive the vain man one of the happiest of mortals; but discontented men are never self-satisfied: therefore, I ascribe discontent, in a great measure, to ambition: men are dissatisfied with their situations, and would be with

any; for ambition has no bounds—not even in the imagination.

Here I must cease to write, since scribbling, or even thinking on such subjects, creates the feeling within me; and, moreover, there is a state that results from ambitious thoughts, not the most to be desired. The French style it ennui, though it is not the idea exactly; yet it is quite near enough for pleasure.

MAY 30th.—Rome was burned by the tyrant Nero. Herculaneum was buried in fiery ashes, to remain unreclaimed for eighteen hundred years. Moscow was burned, and the army of France cut off from provisions, and quartered on the fearful snows of Russia; but none of these great and general evils affect us, as does the death of Cato, or that of Washington, or the death of Byron, or poor Shelley, or the sending of Napoleon to St. Helena; for the reason, that in the misfortune of the mass, we lose sight of that which interests us, and for which we now feel—the individual. We can more easily feel for a child who has lost its parent, than we can sympathize in the general suffering of an inundation that sweeps away hundreds and thousands; and I can more easily appreciate the feelings of Petrarch now than ever, in the loss of his literary library; since my father, in despair of my ever becoming fond of the law, has, by fire, destroyed all my books—poisoned, as he says, with literature. He has destroyed such a treasure, as I never expect to possess again; but I am indifferent now; and with this feeling on me, may say, that I neither hope nor wish to possess that, or anything else likely to be dear again. When one has fixed his heart on a dear, devoted object—when it has become his companion, his amusement, his solace, his all, indeed, since his childhood even till now, then is dispossessed of

it, he will naturally become indifferent to the more transitory things of life ; he will not look on the world as he has done : misfortunes will embitter us—render us callous, and make life and its petty toys but mummery.

Not long ago, I was deprived of a dear woman ; I am now robbed by a cruel element of the companions of my solitude, and with them, many of the inducements to live. That which is left me, and to which I shall devote myself perpetually, is nature ; I shall go forth as a pilgrim in pursuit of some uncertain joy. I shall study the green fields, I shall listen to their many tales, presages of my destiny ; I shall look to them, though they be many times told ; I shall learn the language, and each shall be a Sybelline book to me ; I shall interpret the beautiful flowers, and read the trees ; I shall ask of the rivulets why they ripple ; the waterfalls why they dash, and the river why it flows so calmly towards the sea ; I shall ask the skies why they are so blue ? why the clouds should float on their surface one day, and be gone the next ? why they should gather at evening around the west ? why the sun should rise and set each day ? why alter through the day the shadows cast on the clouds, on the water, on the fields, and in the woods ; and why they should assume the innumerable tints they do ? why day should be bright ? why sweet twilight should be ? when night comes on, why the thousand stars should come out, and be set like gems in the beauty's crown of blue ? why the moon presently should rise ? and why she should be less bright than the sun ? why her rays should be calm and yellow, and all nature tinged grey ? and why her shadows should be darker than the sun's ? Oh ! nature, you shall be my book—my teacher—do not think badly of your pupil because he had not sought you

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earlier and in preference to the world—be patient with him, if he should question thee too closely—he always did so with his dear friends—his beloved, yet fated books. You cannot complain should he do so, for you are so much more learned than books, because it was from you they derived all they knew—you will be sweet and kind, and not reluctant to unfold. I look forward to the lessons you will teach, as to those taught by a sweet, gentle woman, bearing with them a character all of love, for I think that nature's whole volume, in all its teachings, tends as we become more and more wise in it, towards love. And what is love more than perfect devotedness to truth and hope? That with all the teaching I have met with, from men, I have never been betrayed by, I have never lost sight of truth and hope; they have been with me by day; they have visited me at every hour of the darkest night, in health and in sickness. They are two spirits clad in an immortal nature—they go together, and they sweetly sing the praises of bards and of heroes, of men and of women, and even little children. They are sisters from the celestial regions, who, by the eternal leave, have come during time to visit this world, to persuade and to comfort.

JUNE 1st.

"The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest; the poet in his muse."

How remarkable is that attachment amounting to devotion in individuals to a single idea, though in the end, it may prove profitless, worthless—indeed it may beggar them.

Yet it will not appear remarkable, if we will but go back to our youth, or to the youth of others, and endeavor to bring to light the pictures of early pleasures, extravagances, and indul-

gences. We will be apt to find, that as life was budding and force of character developing, there was some one thing we esteemed more pleasant, and more deserving our hearty exertion than any other; on it our hearts would dwell, and our minds paint it, whenever any subject of a noble character was to be given to the canvas. This comes to constitute our single, magnificent, and to us unique idea. All other of the petty things of mind and heart have been banished, or have succumbed to the majesty of this.

This then has become the forcible and the strong of our nature. All our powers are bestowed on it with freedom, all our affections lavished with jealousy: and for the building up and sustaining this, we would bear any privation—know any necessity.

I will take a remarkable idea, that of the revolutionist. An idea, at some periods esteemed the most noble then existing among men; at others, the most diabolical—yet noble or diabolical, it is the same loved one to its devotee, therefore he will bear all scorn, every species of persecution, he will linger long in exile—perhaps French history has an example. This being's life then ends as a hero's, or a madman's. Rousseau's great idea ostracised him—banished him from his home, his friends and his admirers. It wrung his mind—it crazed him—yet he clung to it, hero-like, to the last.

He who has entertained a great favorite idea, and has not in early life subdued it to the tenor of ordinary things, must, as he grows older—and still cherishing it, either give it a development, or become from its unceasing energy, a madman. A hero is born in time of peace—suppose he does not quell—suppose it is impossible for him to eradicate this idea; it is destin-

ed to have its vent in some way, and hence we find the hero in time of war, converted into the bandit in time of peace. And if he does not indulge his fated propensity, there it remains to prey upon his heart, and derange his faculties. Dean Swift never developed the grand idea in himself, or he never would have been a madman—for there are no natural madmen—unless all men are madmen, as very likely they are. Men do not suddenly grow mad, although the time of certain madness may be sudden; it requires years and years for the wood to be deposited by the rivers, the coal formed therefrom, before the volcano can burst forth and be sustained.

But men are mad equally from other causes—would not Howard have been a madman if his propensity—his idea had been without its gratification and accomplishment? Yes—philanthropy would not have wandered along those lone streets through every hour of the night—nor visited prisons dismal with their strength, and fetid with disease—but it would have been raving and howling in the cell of the maniac.

The causes in the man, are doubtless many why he cannot develop this idea resident within him. The causes in the world are not a few. A man may be falsely impressed with regard to the idea—he may think the time for its reception in the world unsuitable—he may delay its development by his indolence, he may delay it from hesitation as to its correctness, and as to his seeing it aright—O, heavens! the stumbling-blocks in ourselves are many—but perhaps the chief ones may be found in the world. The world is slow to receive any new idea, therefore it is cold, and repulses he whom it imagines an innovator—it is devoted to its own peculiar idols—it loves the ease of old-fashioned things. Well, we cannot entirely blame

the individual, for it is natural in him, and perhaps we cannot blame the world, for the institutions of artificial life have made it so—and besides, we must have some madmen.

The darling idea of every man is to him the much-desired perpetual motion—the philosopher's stone. He devotes heart, soul, mind to it—he loves it, and hopes for it from the very endurance he has had for it. He renounces pleasures—takes to arduous pursuits and wearing studies—he winnows all things, and all men—he even stoops that he may not live entirely without the reward of so long a toil—of such genuine merit.

About this is one thing very remarkable, that the single idea of men may be low, mean, and debasing ; as well as high and ennobling, I know a man of strong mind and superior education whose highest ambition, he says, would consist in being a perfect and accomplished vagabond. How true it is, too, that many a fashionable lady should be plying her needle, and the poor needle-woman be in her place.

It is easy enough for one to watch and see the turn of minds, although society and education may have intervened to darken somewhat, and hide from view the native idea. I have often remarked footmen, who should have rode on the inside of coaches with their masters behind. And it is almost always the case, that the parlor servant is more polite than his lord. Those creatures, unpolished and uneducated, as they are, have their favorite ideas ; question them, and you will find their capacities superior to those whom they serve—and often will they chuckle at their folly, and their boorishness.

It is worthy our close observation, to regard that peculiar wandering and hesitating effect induced by the turning aside from its direct course, of this idea. It makes men indecisive—

and, at the same moment thoughtful and gay—wise and foolish ; —they are rendered therefore, not only strange, but quite ridiculous. Changing the course of the forcible idea is like diverting lightning—and wisdom diverted, ever turns to folly—but folly, ha ! ha ! if diverted, never turns to wisdom, any more than the sky to a blue tunic.

JUNE 3d.—Lost to the dear companions of my too solitary home, I must seek elsewhere for some similar enjoyment to that once residing in them. Though I fear there place can never be filled—my heart never satisfied again. This act of my father has not only warped all mental exertion, but placed a damper on my feelings : for while it may not be difficult to remove the effect produced on the mind—yet that affecting the heart is different, and rarely admits of a permanent cure.

I will resort to he who has acted as the physician to my soul. A man all of whose sensibilities are blunted ; and who strives— if he feels it not, to be as cold as an icicle.

I have found him, and we sit conversing together. I have told him that which has burthened my soul. He observes that I am a changed man since last we met. He endeavors to ward off from me every disposition to coldness and severity—for he said, it were a horrible thing for a man so young to acquire such feelings—since once possessed they never wear out, even with life, but increase, and become more fearful with each hour ;—and as consumption to the body, after the incipient nucleus is deposited in the lung ; it gathers, and gathers till the tubercle forms—the disposition to tubercle commenced, it progresses with each day, till death steps forward, and severs a large artery, and empties the vital reservoir. He would tell me to have patience when I assured him that it was a sad misfor-

tune. I would say it were impossible, since it made a mockery of my manliness.

After a thoughtful silence, he turned and remarked to me, that I really believed I was very unhappy. I told him that the feeling proceeded not wholly from the imagination—and that without the whine of affectation, I had excellent cause. Since I had been deprived of almost every source of enjoyment, and that now I had resolved not only to wear out my mind with agonizing thought, but tear my heart with tantalizing feeling.

He smiled one of those bitter smiles of his, and said to me : “ You remind me of a sweet lady, whom I had known years back, when my heart was young, and I associated in the world. She had married, and had a dear child—the boy was too much a darling of his mother ; the mother was too lavish in the bestowal of her affection on a thing of clay ; for when he had grown a most interesting child, disease came, and she lost him. Naturally enough, she conceived herself the most miserable being in existence. She wrung her heart—she called all the deepest feelings into force of action—she sought to be alone, that she might encourage leaden melancholy.

“ Too much feeling, as too much food, will cause us to grow ill—and with bad spirits comes bad health. And she was fast contracting genuine disease, when her physician was called in. She told him of her suffering, which she wished to result in death. He was a wise physician, and gave her reason instead of medicine. And when she told him that she was this most miserable creature, he assured her that she was not, by much, the wretch she thought herself ; and as her physician,—and friend more than physician, he would prescribe for her a moral remedy which he knew would not fail of cure.

“It was to behold a scene he had but just left, of what was genuine affliction. She consented quickly, for as Clifford says: ‘misfortune liketh company.’

“They went, and I as a friend of the lady, attended them. The house was beneath that of persons of middle condition. The physician did not hesitate to enter, and directed us to do the same. We did so, and the first sight that met our eyes, was of a mother kneeling in prayer before a table, on which was laid her dear child,—now no more. It looked like a marble statuette which had fallen from its pedestal. So pure, with its sweet little arms folded across its breast,—its tiny foot ready for motion—its lips in the very act of lisping forth a young language. Yet the expressive eye was closed, and it was sleeping sweetly—on another’s than a mother’s bosom. But it suits me not to speak of it—cursed with so chill a heart.

“I looked upon the mother’s face—but on her cheek was distilled no tear from sorrow’s fullness. Resignation sat upon her still, sculptured brow. Calmness was in her fixed eye. Her hands were uplifted, and gathered in embrace on her throbbing bosom. Her whole attitude expressed profound, rapt adoration. My heart stood still at the sight—I sought not even to breathe at so solemn and sacred a moment. I fell upon my knees—Great God! for the first time since I used to bend down and place my little head in my mother’s lap and say my simple prayer:

“Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

“It was impossible to resist such an influence. The lady kneeling joined silently in the prayer of the mother. There is something in silent prayer which deeply affects the heart; a

feeling different, and superior to that produced by the quiet devotion of the Quaker. It removes from the soul the thrall of our unwise and vicious nature. It makes us for the time possess that of divinity ; a nature so terrible to the hard heart in which it is infused, that it contracts it into an atom with fear ; and yields every cloud of hope and joy to the winds of doubt and despair.

“Gently the face of our companion assumed a quiet, hopeful, and resigned expression. The prayer was finished. The mother was proceeding to the next room, without having observed us—her step was firm—though with a heavenly submissiveness—her face calm and decided, even though borne down with silent grief. The physician passed after her, and beckoned us to follow him.

“We passed to another part of the house, and as we entered a dark apartment, beheld this noble woman bending anxiously over the bed of a dying mother ; and the departing words of that mother horribly mingled with the language of a husband forced down on his bed in delirium tremens.

“At intervals, between the exclamations of horror from the delirious man, you might note the tender expressions of the devoted daughter at her mother’s bed. In painfully thrilling succession, you might hear the low words of the aged parent : ‘I must die now, my daughter, not from want of your attentions, but that Providence has made it so, that all must die.’ And then, from the man : ‘O ! put out those fires—those horrid, all-consuming fires, quickly ! quickly ! quickly ! O ! I am but a fevered man ; yet, so terrible is the heat of my brain.’ He is quiet for a moment, and you hear in the soft tone of a departing voice—‘You are a ministering angel, daughter ; now let me go to my God !’

"Scarce are the words uttered, when a shriek comes from the other bed, and then the words—'There are ten thousand devils!—take them away! oh! take them away!' I thought what a remarkable—what a horrid contrast is in this scene. I felt myself in a new world. There was the face of the aged mother subduing the pains of approaching dissolution; and the daughter soothing her last moments with sweet attentions.

"The face of the daughter was calm, and as marble; but a student of the human countenance might see that beneath and within all, was a breaking heart. She would ever and anon turn her leaden-hued eyes, encircled with the dark halo of care and sorrow, to the two men holding her husband down in his bed, and bid them be gentle with him, and seek to assuage the violence of his delirium with kind expressions, and assurances of the unreal existence of what his imagination pictured.

"His was a fearful, swarthy, maniac's face; and all the muscles played over the bones with a fierce, terribly-expressive power. His hair was cast back, and in his raving, fell dishevelled on his face; his collar thrown loose and open, exposed the neck of Apollo in all the writhing action of the Laocoon; his glaring eye, wide, vacant, and inquisitive; his lips ashy and contracted, his chin quivering as with a spasm; he sits up in the bed, striving to spring on the floor, but on either side bends against him a man, grasping with a giant force the almost feeble arm of the maddened man.

"They are laborers; and their rough features in slouched hats, strangely contrast with his cadaverous face, in this room, for it is darkened with heavy curtains, and partly-closed shutters, while a faintly burning lamp sits on the hearth.

"I turned to look for the physician and the lady: the latter

had fainted, and her companion was bearing her from the room. Immediately I stepped forward to aid him. The scene had so affected me, that I had forgotten them. We will become abstracted in such scenes; and it is an abstraction that we cannot easily be aroused from. The lady recovered, and we returned.

"The next day you might behold her a changed woman. She had seen that another really was more miserable than herself. She was better contented; she was inclined to be happy. And as the scene wore away from her mind, she became reconciled, and sorrow fled from her heart."

He found me a quiet listener, and somewhat affected man by his discourse. Then he addressed himself again to me, and said: "You should have such a severe lesson as this; for you are not the wretch you imagine yourself. Come, reconcile yourself to all these things, and many more if it becomes necessary; and, in doing so, you will show yourself a wise man."

I told him that it was very hard to teach the heart such wisdom—to instruct it not to feel, when, from its earliest hour, it had been accustomed to do so. I would not blunt the exquisite sensitiveness of the heart; neither would I remove a painful feeling from it. For I had been in the habit of indulging all those feelings which are natural, be they of whatever character they may. I must brood on my misfortune.

"Then," he said, "suppose you were as myself, with the memory of almost every circumstance of my life dark and hideous?" I told him I should have ceased to live long before I had reached the point at which he stood.

"Ah!" said he, "it is very hard to kill one's self. I have

often entertained the idea ; but ever as I indulged it for any length of time, hope has become a mediator between life and death, and left, at least for a time, the six feet of ground without its tenant. There is but one situation in which I conceive I could commit the hopeless act, much as I am by my misfortunes inclined to it. It is, when I am entirely cut off from the world ; when I am denied everything that makes us, even in our sin, hold a share of the divine. And, it is not so much the state of a man's mind, as it is the particular restrictions of the body which induces him to commit suicide. The mind is elastic, flexible, active, and its weights are to be removed ; but bind the body, closet it, deprive it of the glad light of day, which so contributes to our happiness. Tell the poor wretch that this is to be his doom, and he is ready to commit any deed.

"Again, place a man's actions under strict surveillance, and he will not be long in terminating his existence. Keep a constant watch upon a lion, and he will soon fall away, grow sick, and die. See the famous one on the Isle of St. Helena."

I told him that he was a strange philosopher ; and he looked very seriously into my eye, and said : "I am a strange dreamer too, you might say, if you knew me. I have dreamt dreams that you would not believe. I am a strange prophet, too ; and I have had a presentiment about us both : it is, that neither you, nor I, will live twelve months ; and each will die by his own hands."

I replied, that I regarded neither dreams nor prophecies, although there was something very remarkable about them.

He then said : "I have also a premonition that we will never meet again on this accustomed spot ; and, I fear, never elsewhere. Therefore, I hope you will gratify my folly, and

give me a last farewell, and a promise that should you see me in a desperate position, you will aid me; and that you will not abhor my memory when I die. I am very foolish in this, I acknowledge; but farewell."

He left, and I never saw him wear so sad a visage. I thought to myself that something hangs heavily, doubtless, on his mind. He was poor, he was unhappy; yet I was both; and if it became necessary I could no more help him than he aid me.

This is a very singular way, at any rate, of reconciling a man to his loss. He foresees that I shall not live a year—that I shall die by my own hands. Let suicide sleep; for even speaking of it too often begets the act in a community.

He has made me think. I am quiet though, and shall be till some brighter or still more dusky star arises.

JUNE 20th.—I am on the river writing at this moment, and here, beside me, have I the little treasure wrested from the heap of burning literature.

I have determined now to visit this place more frequently. I shall esteem all the more—the few devoted, rescued friends I have; and seek to value, as I should long since have done, my old friend dwelling here.

The country surely reconciles one to misfortunes; and,

"Oh! there is a sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated ease can never hope to share."

I have resolved that I can live here almost alone. I can become a botanist, a mineralogist of nature's own stamp. And I can thus pass a life, formerly devoted to a folly named pleasure, and a gentle seducer called books.

And my father so little regards me now, that I may pass the

day here, and only with evening return to my home—my too solitary, embittered home.

JUNE 29th.—Yesterday I thought I would stroll away from the noise of worldly interests, and turmoiling ambition of the city to the quiet of the woods, and groves, and streams; for our scenery is, perhaps, more varied and beautiful, than any I have ever been the witness. The situation of our city is not like that of a city: it is too romantic for the every-day men of the world, and we should have to seek such a place in the country—not find it at our busy, delving home.

~~After~~ strolling for some miles, I saw and hailed a country melon cart returning home. I asked the *meloner* if he had sold out. No—he had one left, to amuse his salivaries on his way home; he told me, however, that he would sell it to me, as he might meet company on his road, which would occupy his attention, or perhaps furnish him with another. I cruelly deprived him of his only comfort, as he seemed to think it; although I thought his mule might be society enough for him—but mules are very quiet, stubborn, melancholy animals, and may afford no society for a man. However, these men are always men of thrift—and he preferred money to comfort.

The melon I had now possessed myself of; and was walking with it through my accustomed fields—for we always have an apparent right to what we use very often, especially a common,—the play-ground of our early days, where so joyously we have trundled the hoop; then rather older, followed the ball in bandy; and lastly as men, strolled over it, and thought on the past, and been led to dream away of the future. And the beautiful pond, which outlines and re-


stricts the common, loosed during summer to prevent nuisance ; in winter, closed for making ice—but which, in boys' eyes, was blocked and by their aid, for skating. Presently I arrived at that beautiful grove, which should be, and is, familiar to every lounge on the city's skirts—to every artisan, returning to his cheap suburban home—it marks the distance he has yet to trudge before he meets the smiles of his watching children. Here beneath a large hollow oak, well known no less to a huge old gray owl than to pleasure-seekers of a particular kind, I laid my melon down and half reclined, with my face on my hands,—my favorite posture when down—removed my hat from my heated head, coursed my hand through my hair—to ~~speak~~ philosophically—put in motion the air confined there by my hat, and to have a cool brain. There I sat conning over the things which might have interested me most of late, nor dreaming that my last act had made me a selfish and unsocial being. My position at present certainly was against me ; for I was here alone, with a melon, large enough for three or four ; it was decidedly selfish—but it was thoughtless selfishness, yet not the better for that, since it indicated a natural disposition to that feeling—I had not looked about me for a companion to partake with me, of that which it were impossible that I could alone consume.

Now I arose from my lethargy, I awoke from my abstraction ; to look about me for a fellow-traveller. But no one was like myself strolling. I looked to see if I could behold a human being, far or near ; but nowhere could one be seen. Presently, however, a man appeared—yet in the distance, coming from the city, on a ride ; but as he approached, there looked to me a something about him, that so prejudiced me to him, that I would

not have asked him to take poison with me. I allowed him, therefore, unregarded, to continue his ride, while I looked around for some other animal than man, some quadruped, for I now gave up all hopes of bipeds eating my melon with me. Not even an animal was to be seen, for twilight was near at hand, the sun had gone to his rest; and vesper was gathering more and more closely the rich curtains of his couch; and the thousand stars would presently be singing their sweet anthems to the night—all the animals were driven to their nocturnal retreats.


Now I wandered back to the oak, thinking all the while, that I was not only of myself an unsocial being; but I was about to be made so by all the world; aye! by all nature. And although the evening was sweet, the grass of its more than accustomed green—although the clouds, were varied and beautiful, and the setting sun glorious, and the winds awakening their deep music in the trees over my head; yet, with all these, there was no symphony in my heart—perhaps I was not the man I should be, and here is the proof thereof. Deserted by every being, it is impossible that I could enjoy the melon; I will leave it for some one else—for some other animal lower in the order of creation, yet more worthy of his position than I of mine.

As thus I thought, was heard the leaves to move above my head; and presently, I saw a bird in the trees. I rejoiced in my heart: I thought then that I was not all alone, that I was not entirely without a companion to eat my melon with me. I found his exact position, and going to the melon divided it in half, and stole with my companion's half to a tree, some short distance off, to which he had flown; I so disposed it, that the lucious red meat might court his appetite; and as I placed it



there, he gave, I thought, a look of approbation, but birds are queer beings, and you must not judge them by their looks. I then returned to my position, and ~~as~~ I ate my share, kept my eye on the bird.

At this time not half the pleasure did the melon afford that the bird did : he would fly to the lower limbs of the tree near me, look anxiously at the melon, and then bending his head under the limbs, give a suspicious glance at me, as much as to say, "Ah, you will not do, you are a bird catcher"—but I strove, by my manner, to convince him that I was not—"but," said he, "you are a strange-looking man, and I cannot trust you ; that I want the melon, I do not deny, and if I were a young bird, I would, ere this, have been enjoying it ; but age brings experience, and it makes us suspicious." "But," said I, "indeed you may trust me." "It is impossible I should," said he, "since my mother has told me, the old tradition of our deception by your first parents ; and then she warned me of the snares, since laid by their less scrupulous posterity." "Ah!" said I, "you may mistrust most men, and I insist you do not use such arguments ; since you yourselves daily commit more violence, and murderous havoc on the insect race, than many score of us on yours. Come let us be friends ; I vow to you that I will not injure you." "You," said he, "have vowed not to injure those of your own race, and have nevertheless done so ; now, how sacred would be a vow, given by you to a poor bird ? Sue no longer, I cannot trust you ; birds, like men, endeavor to keep up with the improvement of the times, and they in this nineteenth century, are wise enough to distinguish snares and bird-lime from melons, a profession from a real intention. Good evening ! sir man, and do not understand me ~~to~~ say positively,



that you would injure me, but it is a duty I owe myself, to suspect you ; when, perhaps, we may change states, and you become a bird, and I a man, in this or another world, you may rightly appreciate my doubts, and I your genuine motives : so, farewell!" and away he flew.

JULY 1st.—I sit down to recount the misfortunes of a night ; yet, what I have to relate, concerns not the burning of books or cities : but it pertains to the freezing of allied streams of blood—to the cessation of peace between father and son. And it was the former who commanded the temple of Janus to be thrown open.

It seems to be a duty I owe myself, to follow out here the trying causes which led to the distance between us. To speak of the fierce contest of kindred hearts, and spirits equally imbued with fire, since the one inherited it from the other. And who should attempt to write this, but one of those who has felt all the emotions—known all the circumstances.

My father has, for some time past, been growing colder and more indifferent towards me ; and he has become bitter, and more bitter with each returning day, until it seemed that he had settled down in an unyielding moroseness.

When, on last evening, something having disturbed his thoughts doubtless, during the day, he returned wrapt in severe contemplation. He bit his lip, strode the floor, uttered hurried words, and, at last, after having in vain sought for a suitable victim for his spleen—a subject for his irony, he looked upon me, as does that bird which exults in devouring the brood of its long and devoted care.

I had long since learned to be patient and unopposing to my father's language. His views, although they were different

from mine, called forth no word of disputation : all argument slept in my bosom, nor sought to come forth in opposition to one I loved, and who jealously endeavored to sway my opinion.

During his mental disturbance I remained quiet—almost abstracted. My silence enraged him, since the lawyer in 'him prevailed over the father; and he wished his opinions to be mine, yet desired me to oppose him. But I feared the consequences. He saw me determined to be silent, and sought, by wounding my feelings, to make me speak:

He said that I made him unhappy by my not pursuing his profession ; and that I had lately added to my wilful disobedience, by loving a woman in direct opposition to his wishes. I insisted, as I had done, I know not how often before, that the profession was unsuited to my taste, and for it I had no talent ; that to me literary pursuits afforded not only more pleasure, but possessed more genuine utility ; that he had often said himself, that a man should consult his capacity. And as to daring to love one in whom nature seems to have implanted a sympathy for us, with whom only would life have its solitary charm, that I would love her, though from the beginning to the end overhung that love a cloud of the darkest and most cruel adversity, and though every step was mocked by the panders of wealth, and the servile flatterers of an hour. And I regretted to hear my father, and the companion of my dear, departed mother, insinuate, that love was a convenient thing, and woman should be the thoughtless victim of craven avarice.

At such boldness in me, he seemed surprised, enraged ; but I was miserable : and was he not the cause of it ? He turned

in a heated spirit, and with bitterness told me, that in saying what I had, I had ceased to be his child, and now he left me to myself. O! the reproaching cruelty to a child, that is written in a parent's face is terrible; and these bold hieroglyphics of passion are so deeply chiseled in the heart, that they may be recognized but too plainly far off in the distance of memory.

I assured him, as I had done before, that nothing would induce me to render him unhappy even for a moment; but that he is a slave—less than a slave, who has not the privilege of defending himself; and as a virtuous and correct child, he should be permitted to vindicate those acts before a parent especially, which might render him less excellent in his esteem. That I had in my strange, mad fidelity, sacrificed my whole life to his pleasure. I had studied, and in a degree pursued a profession I loathed. And that every act of my life had resulted from a power he possessed of influencing my feeling heart. And now, though late, I must do this justice to myself, and in his presence.

He scorned and scoffed at the very language which gave utterance to my injured feelings. My heart, at that moment, said—I had rather be in a burning hell; I cannot be avenged on the object of my wasted devotion; I am impotent because he is my father; I am silent at heart because I love him, nor would all the cruelty of a demon make me less than love; for my heart is linked to his as were the fated brothers to each other in the dungeon: and, although the body waste and decay in the chains, I am, as they, banded to him, as long as my younger spirit may endure its foul damps and unsatisfied cravings. I was patient, because I had received a more than fa-

ther's kindness from him. He had lavished his purse, and as I was the only object for his love ; he yielded his whole heart—or I thought so.

My father, O! my father, bade me leave him—and forever. I would not hesitate to obey, but did pause to tell him that I had one last favor to ask. He told me he possessed no money he wished thrown away upon an ingrate. With the calmness of a dauntless man, and a pride becoming an educated one, and one not destitute of a heart, I told him I desired not money, for I had no debts to pay—since I supported no dependants to flatter and caress me—since I had none of that foolish and idle ostentation, which made me desire a crowd of mourners to follow at my grave. I could not hope for that which might never return—my past young energies to cope with men in the ways of ambition. But in parting I thought I had a right to ask, though it might be denied me—a father's blessing.

A child can make his way in the world without an inheritance—which frequently proves an impediment to him. He does not require family influence of necessity, for nobility is not to be inherited, but won—but no child can live without his parent's blessing. It makes him hope in adversity, it causes him to be true to others and himself. When we know we have had a blessing, we feel that we have something to live for ; when we know we have not we are objectless, lonely, misanthropic, and never for a moment repose confidently in ourselves, We feel that we are unworthy, and do not strive to be deserving.

Then in return—for that which should only cost a parent pleasure, and would be riches to a child—he bestowed a curse of the deepest die—of a most heinous character.

I commanded my spirit to be still—my heart neither to burst or grow hard, although it was like fettering down a hundred demons loosed from the abodes below—I left the house—my once happy home with a silent vow never to return to it more.

Presently I was walking the streets in the most painfully agonizing thought that was ever the inheritance of fallen man. That I should have sought from my earliest childhood but to please my parent in all I should do—and possessing at heart the consciousness of having never committed any act that would condemn, or even call forth a half-wanton remark ;—as he himself admitted, save my not following his profession—and my late attachment. I am not now—neither was I ever dissipated—my education, intellectual, and morals would have prevented my becoming dissolute. Two rocks these are on which so many whom I knew, too, had split.

O! God! thought I, what crimes are mine? A desire to consult my wishes and my talent for letters; and a love for a noble woman. Crimes which the wisest people have rewarded with honors—and with crowns.

I had determined that though this racked brain might grow tired with evolving thought—still I would not cease to urge my laggard limbs through the lone streets, and black lanes of the city—yes! I will wander meditatively throughout the night.

I now bent my course in the direction in which wealth had been lavished in rich mausoleums of the heart—elaborately—elegantly built mansions. I should hardly know, if I wished to be interred, which I should prefer—this square one with eight fine rooms on a floor, whitened, and with blinds inside—the more fantastic one with the verandah—or that with a batch of the antique in its columned front. The first, from its standing

alone on the square—its color—and loop-holes, permanently closed, seems quite suitable for a cold-hearted recluse. The second, from its filagree work—its stable architecture—its scrub evergreens—and poorly-selected flowering plants, might be the place of repose of one devoted to cattle in days past. And, in the last, might be deposited the haggard, brusque corpse of some classic parvenu, who has amassed a fortune by cheapening objects dear to the memory.

However, they are all tenanted now, therefore my choice will be with the one first vacated, if either. For ere long the recluse will die for want of fresh air, and the accustomed excitement of speculation. If he does not, the master of the beautiful and fiery Bucephalus will—for men who have long slept in the rack, and early rose to bear water to animals, when removed to soft beds—rise late—and find they have nothing to do but breathe, eat, and go to sleep again, must contract disease and die. But the last may die first—if he does, let him be buried, that is all, or “you shall nose him as you go up stairs into the lobby.”

I want none of their mansions, and I only give my thoughts this turn, to wear out the late occurrences with which both mind and heart are fevered. But dull feelings will hang on me.

However, I now stood before the house in which I had spent so pleasant an evening with the one who was now gone. I hesitated, that I might reflect on the series of events which had followed up each other since then, to the present time.

Many things had occurred—some few only, pleasant; and indeed there had been a large portion of the other kind. But these thoughts only unite with the past fatal incident, and complicate regret and sorrow. * * * * * All was still here and dark. I thought, how unlike was this to that night.

But let us proceed. I had passed on a square, and lo! there was a house lit as for an entertainment. Such had been my feelings, that I had quite forgotten that I was invited. But it was all the same, as if I had remembered it. I had not now, if I ever had, care for society or fashion. But I stopped to listen to the music, and the dance, and the converse, all of which seemed joyous—so singular a contrast was there with the music, the dance, the converse of my own heart.

Why do glad sounds make the heart so sad? By that power, superior to all, association. Examine your thoughts and see if you do not find the memory of some friend connected with this happy music? It is a recollection, that while it is suggested by these notes, has no concern in them—for the heart presently abstracts its attention from them, and strays back, to the beautiful evergreens that flourish almost alone along the broken verge of the past. And the notes are only heard again, when thought has ceased to flow, and feeling has been lulled for a moment.

Hearing these old notes, is like seeing some feature in the face of a stranger that causes us to forget the stranger in remembering a friend who possesses this feature. How the heart is accustomed to search through crowds to trace the single lineament of another, to dwell on—ah! and after finding it, how wantonly does it cast aside this portrait of a single feature—because it wants the rest.

Ah! but my thoughts shall not lead me so far from where I am, but that I shall bring them back, and ask myself, are all those happy who appear so, and who add their quota to this conviviality? No, it were folly in a man to think so. But they are excited and therefore somewhat happy. I know my own heart has been desolate in these crowds, and I have often

thought while there of some sweet retirement for my feelings. I now have it, but there are some feelings which come over me like the death-knell of a dear, departed friend. Hopes thwarted, prospects marred, heart wrecked. The early sunny day of my heart I valued not ~~as~~ I should have done, and now when the twilight of feeling has come—ah! and the day will close, and in its folds shut all I morally was.

It is some time now since I stood before the house of entertainment—and I bend over a poor drunken wretch, gone to his rest in a gutter. How sweetly he sleeps, not more sweetly the king on his down. He snores—the voice of deep slumber. There is a pleasant smile on his face; every man knows from this smile that he is not a villain, but that he is one of nature's most charming specimens of men, all agog with drink. What a pity then he throws himself away? But how will you help it? His temperament leads him to desire excitement, and he finds it, and lies man, temperament, excitement, all in a gutter. Pity, then, you say, he has this temperament—but suppose he had a different one, he would likely be a villain; and there exists no greater difference in nature, than between a poor drunkard, and a cool, sober man, who robs or swindles you. Let the fellow alone, then, and he will lie here until morning—no watchman will disturb him, for he also is in the guard-house drunk, and waiting, if necessary, for the good citizen himself to wake the cry of fire. He of the gutter will revel in the highest imaginative world of dreams—which he will pay for in the morning with fainting nausea, and heated thirst.

I could not help saying, how much happier than myself is this man; for he surely is happy a small portion of time, and, therefore that much superior to me in enjoyment. I would not

stir him for a world. I would not threaten, by any act, the bliss of any man for an instant. The night is calm—the air balmy—the moon up, and all still, save my troubled spirit, which now, like a hyena, prowls the night, that it may steal upon the world in silence, and unbury and ravage all the graves of memory. Oh! and by that high lamp which burns so brightly through the night, decipher all the inscriptions on the cold stone—to thought and ambition.

I now left the city, which I had wandered through during all the hours of night. I sought the shore of the river; and on that shore, there is a spot, almost as well known to my feet as the sky of night to the stars, for they have trodden it with as oft-repeated pleasure as the stars have strolled the vast blue firmament. It is a spot singularly rising from the stream—yet jutting into it so as to afford an extended view in almost every direction. It is in the woods—yet not in the woods. And where I am accustomed to sit, is a place cleared around, and darkened by a huge oak tree.

There I sit, my feet dependent with the hill—half reclining, and resting partly on my hand, and partly against the aged tree. My boat is tied to a stump below, and the tide flowing in, flings each coming wave plashing against her side, and seems as though striving to heave her upon the shore, or me upon the waters—as dashes my soul between its elements. Yet is the river calm, and the morning mist rising from its surface, unfolds the magnificent panorama of a city built on many hills, and opening to my view as a great artificial gorge.

The sun was rising at my back, as I gaze at the city—for I had been watching ever since the pale, hesitating light of early morn. And there are many changes—O! a study for a man's

lifetime is to be had between that dim, trembling light of day-break, and the sun rising and warming the scene in temperature, and in color gilding the spires, streaming in long figures the house-tops, and emblazoning the windows.

The city seems just being disturbed in its morning slumbers. A few lone wayfarers are gliding along its streets, gazing anxiously at the smoke and heat roaring from the furnaces of the foundry, or catching the first tones of the bell of the distant factory.

There are men at the shipping, on deck making ready to haul out their cargo. Others as quickly freighting for a distant port. What a people constitutes this little mole-hill of a world.

A little farther, and I see, almost to hearing, the rapid strokes of the knives in the oyster-boats. And I endeavor to think the same thoughts with he, in particular, in the vessel with the blue stern. Let me imagine: he is thinking that it is almost time for his coffee—presently the shops will be open and he will get a drink; he will well get rid of his cargo to day; he will sell his shells on the shore to some man who has a lime kiln; and, finally, will, with full pocket, return to his family; and, then again, after a time, to the oyster-beds. I may have failed, because I have not thought all he thinks, but how can I? I have not been as he, yet I will venture he has thought all these things—if nothing else.

I cast my eye now on the other side of the river, and see a vast expanse of rich and well-cultivated land, almost level with the river. The fields are beautiful, and there is quite a village.

Span the fields, and behold a smoking cottage which the inmate has just left, and with his wallet hung on his cane and thrown over his back, is hurrying to the field.

The boy brings the horses to the river to drink, and, as they drink, yawns—and lazily rubs his eyes open, for his master may be at the stable when he returns.

I look on the river again, and perceive the sails of a vessel set, and she is quickly going into harbor. Another has just hauled anchor, and a tar is on the yards letting out the sheets and preparing to be out.

Ten thousand sights here may be seen; and each create its separate and distinct thought, and emotion. And these things have surely a power of passing through the heart and mind, and as by magic stealing away thoughts and feelings from one's self. This is the power change of scene has. New sights make us forget old feelings and associations, and renew the early susceptibility to enjoyment. So much so, that if I be not happy now, I am at least calm, and perhaps prepared for impressions of a better nature.

But I stay! My boat is restless on the shore.

JULY 5th.—I am now no longer settled down as heretofore in pleasing study. I have almost ceased to be an Epicurean. Ambition has left me, and with its hated sarcasm, smiled at the being it has victimized. Love is almost maddened into despair. And to the world why should I not be thoroughly indifferent, and on it vent my spleen?

I was won by the ever-varying pleasures of study, I closely attached myself to them, and in them forgot the world; and perhaps the duties I owed to my kind—hence I became a selfish creature.

Ambition seduced me with its promises, as it enlivened me in my pursuits. It made me dream that I would easily be that which I never could be. At last I have found out that all was

error—falsity. That it encourages you to proceed on and on until you reach that place from which there is no return, and there it leaves you.

Epicureanism is a glaringly-painted insect—the outside, the butterfly wing of geometric down—the thousand reflectors in an eye—the blythe, the airy thing that sports upon the breeze, then lays down to die. Sprung from a hideous worm—a gaily phantom! the slightest rustling air can waft away, a drop of smallest dew despoil, a pebble that a bird would swallow—crush.

And as to love. Alas! my love has not returned, and I am very unhappy. But, to be unhappy is so much my habit, that I half believe it natural to me. And there are those things so strong in us, that we are forced to think them part of our nature. Yet is it so? No; love is as much acquired as our mother tongue, and has its rise in, and is perfectly dependant on, the kindness and affection of others. Just as ~~our unhappiness~~ happiness, likewise, depends on our dissonance with the world—our painful circumstances—with a long line of causes.

And now that I am indifferent to fame, despise the world, and everything connected with it, I do not despise, but deeply and painfully regret the monomania of my father, so kind he is in all save this. I think he should be as ready to pardon my monomania, as I am his. But all men cannot think, neither can they act alike; and it would therefore perhaps be, as philosophers say—a misfortune if they did. I could wish it were so in this case; and my father's and my own turn of mind were the same. It would have been a happiness which would have afforded too much disquiet to this world; for men are envious of your very enjoyment.

I have but a single object now left to me. I would give up all pursuits which do not perfectly accord with love—all foolish fashion—frivolity of every sort, and dissipation, if I ever was dissipated, and centre my whole affection in a single object, and consume it with love. I am unworthy that woman; for I have done no deed to deserve her, and all I can give her, since it is all I have, is love, which, however, a sentimental world considers sufficient. But who knows that *she* will? who thinks that *she* ought?

Once more, cursed world begone! I am done with you. I would not ask ought at your hands, poor as I am. When a giddy boy, you frolicked with me, and caressed me; when a man, you trifled with me, as though I were still a child; and now you have deserted me—but just as I expected, when fortune stript me of her promises. Remember! I discard you when I most need your favor and your kindness. World! I do it with the sneer of a proud man, and one who feels himself your superior. When I shall require that last necessity for the continuance of a wretched existence, think you that I will sue you to help me? No; life hangs on a thread, they say. I have an excellent instrument with which to sever that thread; and I have the spirit to release the soul from its house of trouble.

If I owe the world anything of favor or duty—the smallest piece of money, I do not know it. A sensitive man cannot be in debt without being in misery. And I do not so love life, as makes me desire to linger on a little longer. I am not so devoted to wretchedness, as to seek to purchase another hour of it, as some of the great have done, with their all of mortality.

JULY 10th.—Who that has had the feelings of a desperate

man ever forgets them? that perfect indifference to all the acts of fortune, alike careless of its smiles and regardless of its frowns; the envy and jealousy felt in regard to more contented beings; the sense of ridicule among men of our actions and pretensions; the mockery of our ideas; the longing wish for death, and the hope of annihilation; those bitter feelings towards ourselves, and the disregard of others' hate; the perfect isolation from all humanity.

No man is less to be envied than this one. It is his misfortune to be sensitive—a grievous misfortune; and in his wounded feelings he knows not whether to regard or despise his being made

“A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at.”

Too proud to allow the world to believe he is pained by these unkind attentions, his feelings induce him to despise the actor rather than the action; for there is something tangible about the former—something on which he can be avenged.

The world may call him strange: accustomed to it, he but smiles, with a feeling, not so much of bitterness, as that he is one with whom men are unacquainted, save by some apparent deviation in action from themselves. He smiles, I say, at their imagined opinions—their doubtful notions of him; for he thinks, if we are acquainted with few of the actions of men, we are very apt to form a singularly incorrect notion of them, more so even, than if we knew them not at all. In proof of which, I will bring to mind a case. From a short acquaintance with a young man some years ago, I conceived him to be dissipated, and everything but a man of excellence. And how did I

judge? Seeing him discover much vivacity in company, that he was free in conversation, and, on one occasion, dressed fancifully. Now this young man was never free in drinking—he was a man of virtuous mind, and that once was the only time I ever saw him dressed as a fop, as I thought. Instead of light in conversation, I never met with a man of his age more profound. And so far as devotion to a friend is concerned, he was true, if, of course, we can judge of men outwardly, which, O! my heart, you know I am inclined to doubt.

Well! I suspect the world is right, and I am a strange man. I am reminded of it so often that I am forced to believe it, or be still stranger in differing from men—who know me better than I know myself. For as the world goes, every man must know you thoroughly, and you, poor devil! not know yourself at all.

It is very true, that once I was gay in society—which I esteemed a sort of Punchinello show, at which I used to be seen now and then like other men. In fact, I was there to relieve my mind from the severity of my studies, or an inclination to too urgent thought. I have laughed loudly—heartily—and I have been to all appearance, extremely joyous: and therefore the world little dreamed that I was unhappy—that I was wearing out my heart: the rose was on my cheek, and my eye was bright and smiling, and I was in the bloom of health. The world cannot—and perhaps it is fortunate, distinguish between physical and mental disease—many physicians there be of the body, few of the mind and heart.

I was considered eccentric—I acknowledge my actions were not as those of other men; for my situation was not that of others at all—since at times, I was borne about by the whims of

a parent, and because it was a gratification to him I would not oppose him. Again, I was dependant solely on myself, and acted above all persons and opinions, and took on myself all responsibilities. Therefore persons ought to say, I was neither so strange or eccentric as fickle—and this unsteadiness naturally arose from my fidelity opposing my independence. Those who think me either, should only visit me when the fit or fever^r of those motive powers is on, and perhaps they would sympathize rather than slander. But he who expects sympathy from the world in his own especial case will be disappointed I find—for it is much easier with that world to abuse than to feel—I do not, of course, look for either favor, justice, or patience from it now, I have no gold to pay in return for these. Besides, it is too late—the fire has gone out on the altar of the heart, and it is so cold now, that it can never be rekindled there.

JULY 15th—I do not know that I should abuse the world, although at this moment I sit down to do so. It has not perhaps, so much injured me, as I have contributed to wound myself. It is a famous habit with men to blame the world for all they have brought upon themselves, and to cast forth imprecations, in such general terms, that they rest not on any individual devoted head,—neither attack any bilious spirit, who might answer their politeness in the fashion of the day—most likely in a challenge to fight. And besides, men from their childhood are partial to the infliction of language on their fellow-men, whether it be just or unjust : bestowing on them deeds they never thought of. And to gratify this bad disposition of our nature, we even seek to spite ourselves on inanimate objects—as does the dog on the stone from the hand of a boy. And above all—there is some-

thing so pleasant in the whine against the world—it seems to alleviate all our suffering and sorrow.

I will be a wise man, and change my resolution—and not abuse the world as does the race of forgotten poets, and rejected upstarts. But I will quietly leave its converse—wish no more, a gaze I am indifferent to—and endeavor to hope that it never thought of wronging me. I am sure I can part with it without a very great trial, and I believe I shall not sorrow at, or regret my voluntary exile. I have certainly realized much enjoyment from one, and an engaging pursuit—a single great study,—that of human nature. I feel that I have made full, free use for my gratification of the objects of its follies—its extravagances,—and its virtues : and when I have wished. And, the knowledge of the mind and heart I have possessed myself of, is meet reward for the pains felt even now. And I shall carry this acquisition with pleasure into all my future studies and pursuits. I have made it a part of my pleasure, and a part of my duty, to seek out men and labor in their study until I have penetrated them to the bottom ; and I have seldom been deceived,—although I feel that I am among the rocks now, and soon to be wrecked.

I consider with dissatisfaction, sorrow, and pain, that my books, my once dear books, have been a chief cause of my unhappiness. They have encouraged thoughts, they have nourished hopes, too vain, too distant, too great, ever to meet realization.

I speak it calmly ; for calmer and more dispassionate I am now here in the quiet of the country, than I have been for a length of time. If I should have to commence the world again, and thus found myself on my opening life likely to fondle books, the headstrong passion I should nip in the very bud, nor study

books more ; but read men, be wise in the ways of the world, and let the acquisition of money be my happiness, for now I see the greatest wisdom—the most perfect philosophy—the true virtue is to live, serve and obey mammon.

I have been supposing that I might go back to childhood, and thinking what choice I should make as to the being I would be. My conclusion might be esteemed by the world very strange. But I should prefer being a negro of uncouth form and hideous feature ; possessed of all the powers of the animal, without any of the susceptibilities to high moral or intellectual culture. For as such a being I should be indifferent to all save the jealous, all-consuming pleasures of sense ; I should grovel to be sure, but that would be happiness to such a constituted creature. I would not seek redress of any grievance ; I would be unambitious in life, and die, not from the sad infirmity of intellect, not from the bitter, broken spirit ; but the unceasing full-stream gratification of a cultivated, nice, and perfect sensuality.

However, I am not altogether denied pleasures ; I have them, and rejoice in them—because they are new—because they deaden and eat away the unsightly and sloughing feelings of my soul.

My-boat is a jolly cradle for such an overgrown child. It has a well-trimmed sail, and will hasten to find me sweet, retired caves, where I will drop my sail, ship my oars, and give light and phantom sail and oar to my thoughts.

My dog—my faithful dog, is ever at my side, and I think he loves me ; but I may think so because I hope it—I fear there is no true friend. The nearest to true I know is the dear old man who has now adopted me as his child ; for the affection of the aged is really so rare, that when possessed it is a treasure to be

valued, as is the diamond, so rarely produced from the charcoal. The whole thought of an old man is naturally absorbed in building up for each returning year a decaying frame, and enlivening a spirit inclined to languish. Besides the aged imagine their decrepitude places them in the way of others, and they become soured and morose. But bestow your heart upon an old man, and you will find that you cannot love as he loves—his is doting to madness. I hope—oh! I believe I may say, my old friend loves me; I am most willing to believe so, since he is so unaffectedly kind and devoted.

Say even, I am not loved, still I am less miserable than I late knew myself, in the busy and heartless city. I have long indulged day-dreams of *solitude*; for I have imagined what its quiet and peace might be, and determined some day that I shall revel in it as formerly I did in the world. Having experienced it, I find it now has a moral effect, and has made me better. Its effect on the mind, though of a different character, is in a degree peculiar and pleasant, as it modifies thought, and, more than all, removes society to a distance from us.

I fear I have sung this all to a plaintive—almost doleful music. But I am perfectly unagitated. I feel so apathetic, that it would give me exquisite pain actively to move a limb—or think a rapid, bold thought.

I am leading a listless life: perhaps a few months—weeks—days—or even hours may change me. And I know not what I am, much less do I know what I will be, but I feel that I shall not at this hour fall in the course—for it would require more energy than I possess to fall.

JULY 18th.—To-day I have been sent for, to the prison of a

man, no other than he who has devoted some of his time and singular powers to removing ennui from my mind.

When the person came to request me to go, I asked myself, was this a verification of his presentiment?—or when I conversed with him last, had he meditated the deed for which he was now incarcerated? Knowing that there were few or no inducements for him to live, I immediately concluded that he had committed some act resulting from the desperation of his feelings.

A prison is a strange place for a man to receive an invitation from. But, thank God! I am no longer a fashionable man; and charity and sympathy occupy the place once held by this notable fashion—this exchange of heartlessness—this painted and gilded folly. I neither could nor would refuse a dog the means of consolation, if I possessed them. I should hate the very thought—which would surely attack my heart, that I had not taken the advantage of a moment to soothe the feelings even of a degraded man. For he is not a stone—neither is he an effigy, a mere thing to hang upon a gallows because he has erred.

To man is given an excellent form, a feeling heart, a superior mind, and a noble soul. All *but* soul belong to earth ~~and~~ mortality; injure the soul as you will, it shall still rise in its ~~mobility~~ and be the great thing it is, despite any detracting thought or degrading act.

A man degraded is a more active and powerful friend than any you will be able to find in your large category. He appreciates a kindness much more than other men, because a favor is bestowed on him when he had not expected it—it comes upon him when he does not feel that he deserves it should. In

you he sees a man, whose heart is not entirely barred against him. In *you* he fastens all the influence of his terrible character—to *you* he devotes all the powers of a strange affection; and he may prove in an extremity, that which less fierce men could not. And what prompts him is, that soul which cowers never, but rises in the grandest beauty from the foul vapors of sin and debasement. There seems to be a renewal of the lost feeling in the lost man—a waking up of feelings that have slept as in a grave; and then they are imbued with all the force of long experienced passion and misery. Hence, he is terrible to love, and terrible hate.

I went to his prison. He was walking the apartment with a manly step; his was a stately and dignified air. As I entered, interrupting his thoughts, he slowly wheeled round, and my eye met that face always calm and passionless—yet dark with the infernal working of passion, now firm and decided. That fierce, thoughtful, and steady eye: that mouth cut with the bold yet nice chisel of high intellect, and strong feelings. You might perceive in every lineament that all feeling was quelled, or was gathered up in his power, and moved only at his will and command—as the equestrian gathers up the many reins, or rules by a word his dashing horses.

When he saw who it was that disturbed his meditations, a subdued feeling of anguish—ah! and a sharp electric thought, seemed in a twinkling to flit over the whole dark cloud of his memory. Yet every character which portrayed it was quickly removed from the face, as his studied and politic nature hastened to banish it from his heart and mind. A sad urbanity was in his manner as he beckoned me to a seat in the most retired part of the cell.

He now unfolded to me the circumstance of his having committed forgery, and in a manner very unlike a man of the world. He said that he had sent for me, not to aid him, because he knew that after my late misfortunes I could not. But he wished to see me—for it was a satisfaction, and a pleasure to see, and speak with a man, who had never flattered the world by word or act, and who had never been influenced by its flattery.

He then assured me that he cared nothing about his present situation—that he had committed the foolish deed in a horrible state of mind. He was indifferent to life, and thus sought the possession of a sum which would bear him away from the scenes of his misfortunes. That existence here, bore him down with so great a weight, that unless he fled away, to dwell in new scenes he should commit some act of a heinous character.

He said he was not deranged, as men pretend when they do such acts—that he was a perfectly sane creature, though a very unhappy and destitute one. He said that this act of forgery was not so much one proceeding from wickedness, and a debasement of our moral nature, as it was a forcible, almost a compulsory intellectual result. At the time of its commission, he was seeking something that might excite him more than anything had yet done—something of a different character. Well, he was poor and dependant, and soon must go to the dogs; therefore, he concluded, without any further deliberation—without a thought, or, indeed, care for the result: and committed the act.

I told him, I thought he had as well endeavor to procure a pardon from the executive power. He replied, that he knew there was no help for him, since only some of those high pos-

sessions of the world bring pardon ; that money purchased pardons, and he had none ; that favor brought pardons, and he had none ; and besides, a poor man, destitute of earthly valuables, not blessed with the courtesy for fawning and caressing powers ; and, only clad in rags, and imbued with pride, could not succeed. That he equally disregarded the infliction of any punishment by the law, and despised the curses from the crowd ; and that if he sought aught, it should be, the forgiveness of his injured soul ; if he bent to any power, it should be to that only of heaven.

He was silent for a time, and gazed wistfully upward, as though suing for the forgiveness his spirit so importunately demanded. When he seemed restored to himself, he desired that I would listen to a short sketch which he would make of his history ; and, as it was the last time we should meet here on earth, it might afford me an instructive lesson.

He looked out of the barred window in silence, and appeared as if throwing his thoughts together previously to commencing.

I sat, and gazed in the strange man's face. Haggard it was and pale, unshaved as to the chin, and the cheek bones protruded like huge mountains from the sunken gulf of cheek below. His brow full, contemplative, and now diverted by painful thought from its natural arc. His fine, God-like head—with a raven lock, sprinkled with wanton grey, standing on the left temple ; the rest of his fine head of hair, straggling unheeded over his noble front, and falling into the hollow of his cheek, like a curl-cloud hung in a dark and rugged mountain's gaping cleft.

He sat with his body inclining forward, and his arms folded

across his chest, his knees bent apart, and feet firmly placed against the floor. He was gazing vacantly through the bars, and seemed to stretch his vision, as does the hawk on his scarce-seen quarry : his mental eye was stretched into the past.

After his lapse of thought, he gazed intently into my face, and thus began : " I have told you that once I was wealthy ; you have perceived that I was highly educated ; and, take my word for it, I was loved. You have yet to know, that I was ambitious ; for a man of my turn of mind—of education or not, must, of necessity, have been ambitious. The seeds of this were planted in me when a boy ; and I do not remember the time when I was unambitious. I told you I loved ; and I think perhaps love created this feeling in me ; for I wished, with a perfect madness, for the admiration of the being I idolized. I sought to make my every act worthy of her love. And why not seek to spread my fame if possible ? Then, thought I, she might be proud of her lover ; for no woman loves a man she does not feel a pride in. Woman's love, I conceive, is the reward of man's good deeds, and this pride in her makes him virtuous and great—and this alone.

" I sought literary fame, and commenced my career as an anonymous writer. No one knew the person who wrote in the forcible style, and insinuating manner, but she for whose affection I strove. I possessed originality of mind ; and, with such an education as I had, my thoughts were new, my manner of expression winning, and my own. Well, I varied my subjects, that I might know on what point I could summon the most power. I thought I discovered it ; and pursuing a course dictated and directed by the character of my mind, I won the highest praises for my fictitious name.

"Rather satisfied with the laurels I had won, I ceased for a time to write. The world being soon apprised of it, judged that I had died, and presently united with my joyous contemporaries in singing my requiem—I let it pass—allowed my obituary to be written, corrected no accounts of my singular fate. For, as all was as it was, and I wished to view my posthumous fame, and see whether justice would be meted out to me. And, likewise, I wished to behold what sort of a portrait my shadow would sit for.

"Scarce were my imagined remains deposited in their mother earth, than their arose an usurper of my title—one who said the author was not dead, but to gratify vanity only had been in a state of catalepsy; and that other productions might soon be expected from his pen. He imitated my style, and had so fallen into my course of thought, that I myself half believed he was the author of the whole series of essays, and I had been dreaming all the while,—or, as one of the insane, who is firmly impressed with the belief that he is some great personage.

"Before the matter had proceeded too far, I wrote to check so wanton a progress, as that which was being made in my path. I set about writing my essays from the grave, contended that I had been untimely buried, and that my spirit yet lingered on the earth,—and for revenge. My counterpart,—or competitor, thought another imposter, as himself, had arisen to assert an evidently disputed right; and he ridiculed while I reasoned, and sought to bring forward the positive truth, as to the matter, through my publishers, and in my letters. Presently he came to use ribaldry, and then falsehood to support him. Vexed at such unjust conduct, and ungentlemanly beha-

vior I challenged him—not to a discussion, for there could not be discussion,—but to meet me in single, deadly combat. After some hesitation he accepted the challenge—we fought, and I killed him. The world, as it always does, took up the dead man's weapons and grossly falsified and abused me ; and finally settled down in hatred to my name.

“ I wrote again—but not as before. It was impossible,—the spirit of rivalry had passed away. I could charm no longer—for men insisted, that I but told the same tale—sung the same song, I had so often sung before. But the truth was, men bore a prejudice to me from my late act. I observed it, and grew quiet, and retired.

“ Just at this unfortunate period, the horrid act of my life was consummated—for amid my literary misfortunes, this dear woman remained the sole life of my life. You know the rest—she died—I renounced letters ; and became a scornful, dissolute, reckless man.

“ Now my career is soon to close, and I assure you, I look into the grave with perfect indifference. The sun of my life, rose clear and unclouded ; but it was not long before mists were seen gathering in the heavens, and there appeared a heavy halo around the bright orb of day—accumulating more and more, cloud after cloud passed darkly over its bright disc, until it was obscured. And look at it—just as it is this evening.”

He rose and led me to the barred window, that I might look upon the sun setting in deep haze, and enveloped in clouds. “ It is about to set in darkness and gloom. You remember, sir, De Staël says—that there is a pleasure in the consciousness—the feeling, that we exist, and that this feeling extends even to the meanest and most miserable of the human race. Now I

am without even that simple and low order of pleasure, and if I do not wholly doubt its existence—then I believe it exists among different individuals, as does the various grades of vitality in animated nature—and I possess it least of all.

“I live now, but that I may scorn and despise the world—that I may tantalize my heart—that hated thought may make its horrid invasions on my mind.

“I will soon be gone—where to—God only knows. Perhaps I will be annihilated. But there is a something in the mind, which tells me no ; matter the tangible cannot be destroyed—mind the intangible—soul the motive power—it is impossible to destroy.

“I will not trouble your ear longer—for I have now said my all to you. I only wish, in dying, that I could give you my experience in the world—but it is impossible—impossible—impossible. I will not detain you. Farewell! Be warned,—we meet no more unless”—and he cast his eyes to the ground in thought. “Never mind, we will not seek to peer the future, but hope for it—and part here on earth, as though we were to meet no more.”

The heavy bolt fell back—the iron gate creaked—and the husky voice of the jailor sounded for me to retire.

We parted—and he who had just related the last sad event of his life, looked on my features but a moment. I looked on his that short moment ; and beheld there what no tongue can tell. It is said that at the moment of drowning a man’s whole memory is before him, and every image is pictured full on his mind then at this moment, I could read in his expression the hated past, the present dashed to the ground—and the future with its heap of uncertainty.

He turned away his face, and leaning his shoulder against the window, gazed with a wild expression through the bars. A bomb might have burst at his feet, and he would not have heard or seen it. The lightnings might have torn down the very window at which he stood, and still the statue would have stood and gazed on.

[*Written afterwards on the same sheet.*]

It is as I suspected—the strange being is dead—dead by his own hands. Ah! how much trouble has left that tabernacle of clay!

Go then, newsmonger! and tell the carping world, come and gratify its taste for inhuman sights—come and visit its imprecations, as it loves to do, on the remnant of a man.

Give way! do you not observe the man of the day—The harpy coroner approaches; and as becomes the humanity and dignity of his office, yields his curses on the frail tenement.

But they are cursing and scorning only dust. The spirit is hovering around the spot, and smiles in derision at the little men who are pricking the dead lion—at the mocking old brute—the boy being made a brute from cultivated fondness for such scenes.

But on his table, if the crowd will allow me the possession of it, he has left me a note. Yes, it is a terrible one too, these are the words of it.

"Behold part of my presentiment verified. The rest remember—concerns you. I die with your kind image impressed on my heart.

* * * *

"I am denied ink, and write with my finger dipped in the best blood of my heart. A cup of the same is my only offering

to you—the last flowing from the fiery spring, which, had it dashed less flamingly through my heart, I had been better—less rapidly through my brain, I had been wiser—and had there not been a secret connection between it, and my soul, which I never could discover, I might have been a happier man.”

I read these lines in sadness, and with a melancholy spirit. Yet I am calm, for I regard no presentiments, and if I did, it would be unbecoming a man to fear death, when he fears not to live.

JULY 26th.—In the retirement of the country I thought to reach a solitude from this commotion of feeling, but I find myself merely removed from the busy world, and only no longer fearing the infraction of the sacred rules of society. In fact, the country, if it were not that the trees take the place of the houses would be the same as the city, for I discover that there are feelings attached to our nature which will exist with us everywhere and it were idle in me to believe I could fly from myself. In order to do so we have to remove memory, if not entirely, at least to a distance from us. We have always to look straight ahead, and never for an instant behind; or the unsafe ship we are fated to be in may run on the lee shore, or pitch among dangerous rocks.

O heavens! I know there is no solitude for the feelings. We leave the dissipations of the world, we can indeed mock the world, nor fear the influence of its follies, but to break up all the associations of youth and manhood—to forget that once we sat happily surrounded by our favorite authors and conversed with our friends. And to forget, too, that comfort and ease were ours—that we loved, and were loved. That neither our mind

was dizzied or our heart vitiated—and that our feelings were not needing a solitude.

But all this is past, and I am changed, and no more have I even that light, glad step I once had, but in lieu of it, is the thoughtful, heavy-hearted gait of a sorrowing old man. Well what of that? Fortune! I am your instrument, play on me to what tune you please.

AUGUST 5th.—I have had to calm myself ere I could take up my pen again to write. For of all my calamities the last which has befallen me is the greatest.

But now I am unagitated—so deeply calm, and all energy, all animal power of motion so stilled in me that a thunderbolt, hurled at my feet, could not arouse me from my perfect languor of feeling, and lassitude and non-entity of thought.

And she is drowned—can I realize such a thing? Oh! I have realized so many wretched things of late that without being credulous, I can esteem that, as the rest of my sad experience, to be too true.

I begin to think now that we were but created for the wanton frolic of fortune; that we were early given light hearts for wringing disappointments, and cruel chagrin; and that susceptible minds became our portion that they might invite a wilful disregard—aye! destruction of our efforts, be they noble as nobility itself.

I should cease to write my thoughts now were it possible to get rid of them otherwise. But writing thus is like telling one's thoughts and sorrows to an intimate friend, when the heart becomes relieved of a share of its burthens, in imparting its pains to another bosom of a sympathizing nature.

So simple has been my means of removing my sorrow, that

I have sought consolation with my poor dog, and he has wagged his tail, sprung forward happily and endeavored to make me gay. It is a noble trait in him ; and I regret, therefore, that he has failed. My old friend has used his influence with my heart, but an old man cannot appreciate the sorrows of a young and lonely lover's heart.

AUGUST 29th.—Perhaps it is late, but I hope it can never be too late to ask the forgiveness of those we may have injured either directly or indirectly. It is almost an acquired trait in my character to forgive. A short time ago and I scorned where I would now ask for forgiveness. It is of the world that I request it, for I have illy named and treated it. I have loathed it, with a deep loathing, and I fear too seldom with a cause ; yet, despite all, my abjurations shall not be entire, for there are those from whom no power of good or ill could make me ask forgiveness. If I have ever injured any man, I am unconscious of it. If I have unwittingly hurt the feelings, or wounded the pride of a human being, may he know my regretful heart at this moment with respect to him.

I have had few to love. My heart was not an extensive heart, although I hope a comprehensive one ; and it is a jealous heart, and will not admit all men of every sort into its cloister.

But then I hate few, because it is my habit—my nature to pity and scorn more than to hate. I pity those weak, lax creatures, having no mind for themselves, who are always pursuing frivolity in preference to searching for truth, or shining in some of wisdom's ways. But I scorn the wise who are mean, the learned who stoop to trifle with their fair name, and

sell their information, like a worthless thing, to the highest bidder.

I have no faith in the friendship of men—ah! and regret to say so; but I know them too well. They will appear devoted to you—will hang on your neck; but, great God! it is an awful thing to think, that all this is but as the fondling of the harlot, who is robbing you in the midst of her caresses. It has been a long time since I have trusted to the friendship of a man. My days are numbered; and I have made the last offering to that false, fickle divinity, as I have made the last to love—the last to ambition.

Perhaps I may be called bitter, censorious; but I consider there is in this world but one all-pervading passion, and that the basest of all—selfishness. That there is but one great system, the end of which is, selfish—one mighty, profound principle in all man's actions, and that is, selfishness.

I have now a last complaint to make against the world. It has stigmatized me as a misanthrope. In doing so it has transcended all honesty, dignity, and charity; it has played toward me a mean and contemptible part; and that, I would never forgive or forget, though it might heap mountains of applause, lavish all its sycophantic heart on me.

SEPT. 12th.—The world now condemns; it regards me as a demon, while my dear old friend really considers me an angel. May not both be wrong? But while I conceive myself neither, the exact place I occupy between the two I do not know.

The world would fain spurn me, because my father has acted towards me as he has. For, when a parent sets his heart against us, and when we are reduced likewise, in our circum-

stances, we are no longer popular ; and the world generously takes up the cudgels with vehemence against us.

Well, I will teach my heart to forget that I ever formed an attachment for a single individual among my fellow men. And I will, because they force it on me, become a misanthrope. I can despise men, leave them, abide wholly and entirely within myself. But since the season of chagrin is not over with me, I can no longer live so happily within myself. Though to live being our doom, I shall not dwell among the treacherous, the frivolous, the changling, and the dolt ; but the desolate like myself, or the non-thinking, and, therefore, happy inanimate beings of the country surrounding me.

SEPT. 25th.—It is autumn, and my feelings are in their autumn. It is the very close of autumn, and it is the very last hour of my autumnal feelings. Feelings that once had a spring which was bright, a summer rich and bountiful ; and in that spring I think I sat down and wrote on an old letter taken from my pocket, my thoughts—desultory, yet eager thoughts on *hope*. If I knew where now to find such evidence against myself, I should seek and destroy it.

How these past things do mock us ; how all pleasures gone, do laugh in irony at our later feelings, that are all chequered over with disappointment, and so eternally masked by despair ? How sick at heart do we feel, to know that once we spoke and wrote of those happy days to come, when our actions should meet our approbation, and, perhaps, we might have indulged the thought of being famous. But all that was so real, has as a vision passed away ; and there exists nothing now on which we can fix a dotard affection. Alas ! the chain is broken, and we drink no more at the refreshing well. When no many

around us are exchanging affection, to be denied it.—Oh, heavens! it is a horrid thing, to think that we lie freezing in the snows, when the flames of Moscow are being wasted on the insensible air.

OCTOBER 3d.—I begin to fear that, like the rest of the world, my old friend grows tired of me, although he is always kind, obliging, all that I could wish—a father, and more than a father. Yet I fear his attentions arise rather from my state of mind, and from my painful destitution, than any desire to serve me more than another. Even for this, however, I thank him with my poverty—thanks which are worth more than the gold of the rich and polluted of the world; and if I can ask a favor from a superior power, it is, that that man may be exalted, because he was strange enough to be virtuous. Ah, heaven! bestow a blessing on him, though you visit a curse on me.

I fear, alas! that I was born to be unhappy, and oh! that the chief cause should be my books to which I so devoted my whole heart, and so gave my whole mind. It were ungrateful in them, if we can charge ingratitude on such beings; but probably it was their nature to make men miserable by their thousand, their million of powers of insinuation, and it was my fault to be captivated by them.

My books then, early incapacitated me for the usual avocations of life—they will do it; and an education bestowed on a penetrating and spirited man is a great, and a fearful gift. Know little and you will surely be happy—for from cultivation arises fancies and desires never to be supplied. But there is an ambition in knowing, and that same ambition is the venom of life—the dog-star to the human race.

When I commenced life, this beautiful and enchanting world

was spread open, as by intention, to my view. It had many paths—and moreover, such it was, that one, if he thought proper, might turn his course which way out of his given path he pleased ; and ever when he did so, there were to be found fresher and richer beauties, and scenes more exciting. Of course, as was my nature, I had left the beaten track, where my steps were to be rewarded only by some choice acquisition—neither regarding the thorns, the briars, or the sharp rocks—for now and then, as compensation to my venturous spirit, I would find a beautiful flower hidden in a dell—a rich shell in the cleft of a rock. On I went, and difficulty after difficulty I overstepped, and never thought to look behind—never dreamt that I had to return by a way unmarked save by obstacles. I had overcome ten thousand difficulties of more or less magnitude—and of course, to return was to overcome ten thousand more. But why should I think of that, when the prospect grew brighter, and more enticing, and it were a pleasure to pass difficulties which were greater at each step. I passed a stream, that could never be repassed ; I crossed a crag never to be reached again—and now I stand upon a rock, which trembles over a gulf—my foot cannot keep its position there long—I grow dizzy—I faint—I am in the gulf. I sink,—and sink, and the third time rise to reach the shore, all feeble and spent ; and on that shore I lay me down to die.

O ! dear books ! you have done me fearful harm ; you caused a father to discard me who was kind, and might have been almost forbearing in his desire as to my profession. Well ! I begin now to think that there was no profession—no occupation which could have suited me—none capable of affording plea-

sure to a man who had lived only in the jealous society of books.

What horrid feelings indeed have I now. I seem alone, and desperate in my loneliness. O! this dawning feeling of isolation maddens me—makes me cease to be a man, and if not dispossessed of it I shall degenerate into a devil. But be quiet, my soul! Dissolution is not a great way off, since it were nothing to live, and all to die. Let me bear it a little longer, for life beguiles us only, that eternity may be faithful.

But what is eternity? A vast hunting ground? halls fitted up for drinking sack? a war country, with Odin the god? a throne, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? yes, all of these—and time, but a little atom of eternity, shall be obliterated; and hope, and faith, and cause, shall alone exist, and misery shall rest on the bosom of hope—vice made not to be vice—man regenerate, and an angel.

[Written on the morning of the suicide, and found on the face of the open Bacon.]

OCTOBER 6th.—I am going to visit and converse with Socrates and Plato—with the immortal Bacon. I shall be honored. I will tell them of the discoveries in matter, and of mind, since they have left this life-land. I will hold communion of spirit with them, and I will chant with them the hymns of that eternity-home.

It is but a short time now, and I shall be no more. It is no matter, my exit will grieve no heart, my old friend may sigh, but only think that then he will be free from the society, hated it must have been to him, of a wretch like myself.

Even to the last I cling to a book, and here in this favorite

one, a last will and testament I would leave, if ought I had to bestow, or request. But I possess nothing of a worldly nature. Poor destitute! who is not left even a heart.

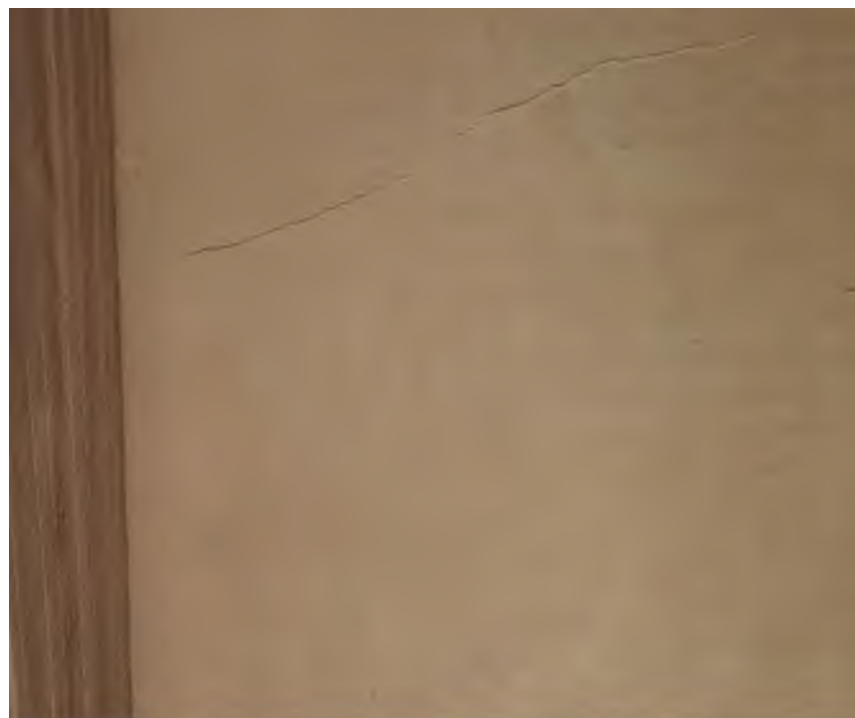
I am agitated, yet I fear not to die. But that would be less than brute spirit which could coldly remove itself from life. A Stoic could not die without a struggle; a dog longs in his last agonies; and how should a feeling, sensitive man die? with a mental firmness, yet with the unstilled heart of a god.

Dearest old friend! you are all it pains me to part from now, but methinks you may not be less happy without me; and my poor, troubled spirit will be better resting in quiet than anguishing and giving anguish here.

It pains me to part with my books, with the flowers, the fields, the streams; but my poor dog died yesterday, I had the sorrow of parting with him, not he with me. But I give one last tearful blessing to all things which have made association dear; and for the pen—O! the pen which has followed up my thoughts and feelings—my nearest and dearest companion, a tear and a kiss.

My last is written, and I fly the scenes which have given me pleasure, lest my heart break, ere the spark which lights it rest upon the water.



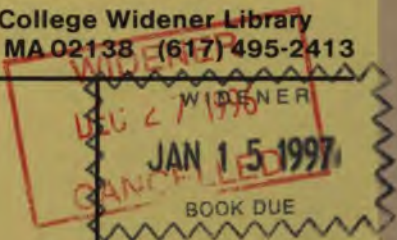




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